

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

MAY

1944





"Four times as powerful as 100-octane gasoline? ... SAY THAT AGAIN!"

All right, we will:

Texaco research laboratories have developed new super-fuel concentrates with power ratings up to four times as high as present-day 100-octane aviation gasoline!

These concentrates are so powerful that no engine has yet been built that can use them effectively. Nevertheless, in developing these unbelievably powerful synthetic fuels, Texaco scientists have gained valuable new experience and "know-how." Out of their pioneering will come the super gasolines that *will* be used effectively by your car of the future.

These super-fuel concentrates take their

place in a long, long list of notable Texaco research achievements. Such a concentrate is now being blended into aviation gasoline to enable American planes to fly farther and faster, to carry heavier loads of bombs and bullets. To speed up production of *Alkylate*, essential ingredient in 100-octane aviation gasoline, Texaco research developed the *liquid-catalyst isomerization process*.

This new knowledge...this continuing research...will mean more power, better mileage and finer all 'round performance from post-war Texaco Fire-Chief and Texaco Sky Chief Gasolines.



Coming... a finer  **FIRE-CHIEF** gasoline and a finer  **Sky Chief** gasoline because of Texaco's work in this war

A BOY...A WATER WHEEL...AND A DREAM!

IT WORKED! Perhaps no boy had ever seen a more beautiful sight. Over a little dam spilled the water of the country ditch. The homemade water wheel began to turn on its rake-handle shaft. Faster and faster it went. Next step was to connect it to an old coffee mill in the woodshed.

Pebbles were poured into the churning mill. They sparked and crackled like a Fourth of July display, grinding noisily into sand to be used later for a casting mold.

Here was the first moving device ever created by Henry Ford!

Meantime, somewhere inside his inquiring mind, a dream was struggling to shape itself. A dream of other wheels that would one day turn to lighten the burdens of farm and industry . . . to change the transportation habits of the nation.

From water wheels to watches, to steam engines, to gasoline engines, Henry Ford's interest in wheels progressed. And the rest is history—the history of the automobile industry.

Since 1895, when the first Ford car was wheeled into Bagley Avenue,

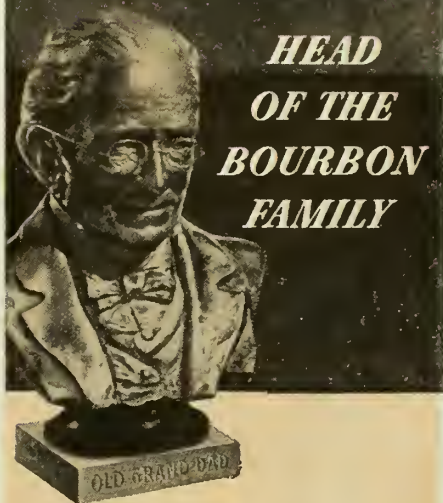
FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, more than 30,000,000 Ford cars and trucks have been built.

Yet the thought and spirit that prompted that long-ago experiment with the water wheel have never changed at Ford Motor Company. There is still the same ingenuity that is not afraid to be original . . . the same wanting-to-find-out-for-oneself that always makes for progress.

Today, this philosophy and the skills developed through more than 40 years are being applied to America's vital needs. From this will arise new techniques to serve the nation even better when Ford resumes the production of sturdy, comfortable transportation, priced within the reach of the greatest number. As Henry Ford has said: "Our times are primitive. True progress is yet to come."





HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

IT CARRIES you back—does Old Grand-Dad—to the place where it was born. Because there's the warmth and the mellowness of Kentucky's sunny fields in every drop. But now the supply is limited, as the only available stocks are those laid down before the war. We are trying to keep a regular, steady amount of Old Grand-Dad going to your dealer. It is, necessarily, a smaller amount than he would like to have, or is accustomed to receive. When a bottle comes your way, prize it, guard it—and enjoy it.

• The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

MAY, 1944

VOLUME 36 • No. 5

Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels form 3579 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES • One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

Published monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d St., Chicago, Ill. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents, yearly subscription, \$1.25

The Message Center

THE V-letter shown herewith doesn't reproduce clearly, but one thing stands out: Samuel L. Hamilton, a captain in the Medical Corps, wants "two good rooms" reserved for him at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago for "the first American Legion convention after

the war." The Stevens, through Richard J. Hill, Jr., Executive Vice President, has written Capt. Hamilton at his A.P.O. 308 address—that the rooms are being reserved. Meanwhile this year's Legion National Convention is being

(Continued on page 4)

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN BY HEBBERT MORTON STOOPS	
BASICALLY AMERICAN BY WARREN H. ATHERTON National Commander	6
HELL ON THE LOOSE BY HOLMAN HARVEY Illustrated by S. T. Smith	11
THE WATERS OF THE EARTH BY JOHN W. FRITZ, JR. Decoration by Clarence Horning	12
A LETTER HOME BY EARLE B. CHILDS Illustrated by W. J. Aylward	14
LITTLE JOE BY LEONARD H. NASON Illustrated by George Giguere	16
THE G. I.'S FRIEND BY KATHERINE BLAKE Illustrated by L. R. Gustavson	18
AND STILL QUEEN OF BATTLES BY HENRY J. REILLY Illustrated by Bettina Steinke	19
NURSES TOO ARE EXPENDABLE BY DOROTHY SUTHERLAND	20
CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL BY LOUIS BIRNBAUM Illustrated by Carl Pfeufer	21
DOG TAG DOINGS Conducted by JOHN J. NOLL	22
FIGHTING FRENCHMEN BY EDWIN E. DOWELL	27
WHEN SAM GOT TOUGH BY HARRY VAN DEMARK	28
A BOND TO BUY TODAY BY BOYD B. STUTLER	30
WATCH THOSE METALS BY ORLANDO ALOYSIUS BATTISTA	33
WALLY'S PAGE	68

IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 57.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1944 by The American Legion. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Warren H. Atherton, Indianapolis, Ind., National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publications Commission; Vilas H. Whaley, Racine, Wis., Vice Chairman, Members of Commission: Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Jerry Owen, Salem, Ore.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Robert W. Colflesh, Des Moines, Iowa; Dr. William F. Murphy, Palestine, Texas; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y.; Claude S. Ramsey, Raleigh, N. C.; Glenn H. Campbell, Cleveland, Ohio; Earl L. Meyer, Alliance, Neb.; George Bideaux, Tucson, Ariz.; Le Roy D. Downs, South Norwalk, Conn.; Harry Allen, Brockton, Mass.; Paul B. Dague, Downingtown, Pa.
Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Director, Frank Lisiecki; Associate Editor, John J. Noll.
The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



How long for a wartime Long Distance call?

A Long Distance call may be long in miles, but we hope you will try to keep it short in minutes. War needs the wires.

When you are calling on crowded circuits, the Long Distance operator may say—"Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

That's a good suggestion. It helps more calls get through during rush periods.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



HERE'S TO...
3 ON A MATCH ^{PERFECT}



*** SHE _ YOU _
 AND
 PIPE APPEAL**



SURE a man with a pipe "takes" a woman's eye. But follow through, friend...add true Pipe Appeal. Rise and shine with the personal pipe-joy of choice, bite-proofed Prince Albert. Mellow MILDNESS for your tongue...a revel of RICHNESS to your taste. Cool? It's cooler! Crimp cut, too...easy packing, easier drawing. A pass to good "caking"...stays lit. P.A. for pipe-joy...peak Pipe Appeal!

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70

fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

*** PRINCE
 ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
 Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 2)

held at Chicago, Sept. 18-20, and the Stevens will presumably house Legionnaires of World War One and W. W. Two.

ALEXANDER F. Balmain, Lecturer in Education in the School of Education at Fordham University and Chairman of the Americanism Committee of Schoolmen's Post of New York City, offers the following splendid definition of Americanism:

"Americanism is the recognition of and the unequivocal tendency to a glorious and sacred heritage exemplified by the manners of the individual, the habits of the group, the customs of the community, as such are observed in the home, the school, the church, and other agencies of human endeavor for the material progress, the cultural development, the spiritual advancement of America. It is knowledge of the hardships and the fortitude of the colonists, the discomforts and courage of the pioneers; it is sympathy and understanding for those less fortunate within our shores; it is appreciation for the contributions of all men regardless of previous nationality, religious conviction, political affiliation, social or economic status. Moreover, it is adjustment to the inheritances of a great nation, reverence for the American Flag, respect for tradition, spiritual enrichment. Americanism represents untarnished Truth, unrivaled Charity, unconquerable Faith, unhyphenated Loyalty. It is the right of the individual to live in peace and harmony with his fellow-man, and to enjoy the benefits of Justice, Equality and Liberty. It is his duty to transfer to posterity the ideals of Citizenship, Service and Sacrifice, and to meet his responsibilities towards God and Country in such a way that America will be a better place because he has lived here."

IN THE March issue we carried an article sent us by Legionnaire Fred B. Barton from Britain, about William A. Reardon, a Legionnaire who was drafted the day before he was 45 years of age, after trying in vain to get into uniform again. Reardon, who later got a lieutenant's commission after attending Officers' Candidate School and is now overseas, thought he was the oldest man drafted by your Uncle Sam. So did Fred, and so did we.

We should have known better. As of March 27th, and we don't think we've heard from them all, the following have beaten Reardon's time: Harry H. Foster, Newark (New Jersey) Post, born Feb. 23, 1897, inducted June 9, 1942; Yale M. Hawkins, Louis Monroe Post, Elwood, Ind., born April 14, 1897, inducted Oct. 31, 1942; William H. Kopf, Union City (New Jersey) Post, born

(Continued on page 9)

The girl who is pledged to Humanity

I know that on every battlefield some woman—such as I shall try to be—is helping to save the lives of American soldiers, perhaps the life of my own brother, perhaps your sweetheart.

Nurses are needed everywhere, and so I am going to be a nurse . . . training here at home . . . with later a free choice of how I shall serve. I am going to help people get well, and someday I am going to be a better wife and mother, too, because of this training in the proud profession of nursing.

Yes, nurses are needed—here at home in civilian hospitals and clinics as well as military. To train them, your government, through the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, offers to intelligent young women a professional education free . . .

with smart street uniforms . . . a monthly allowance while learning . . . preparation for a wide choice of interesting work such as nursing executive, public health nurse, child health specialist, or anesthetist. And in any essential nursing job, you will be serving your country as well as yourself. If you are a high-school graduate, between 17 and 35, with a good scholastic record, and in good health, get further information now at the nearest hospital, or write: U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps (U.S. Public Health Service), Box 88, New York, N. Y.

THIS MESSAGE CONTRIBUTED BY



THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
A mutual life insurance company
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



BASICALLY AMERICAN

We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness—That to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the Consent of the Governed.

—Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776

All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in the Congress of the United States.

The executive power shall be vested in the President of the United States of America.

The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.

—Constitution of the United States

Be it Resolved that, while we recognize the importance and necessity of centralized controls in the interest of the war effort, we reaffirm our fidelity to the basic concept of the American system, a sovereign Federal Government of sovereign states, and that all powers not granted to the Federal Government are reserved to the states or to the people; that "that Government is best which governs least;" that freedom of individual enterprise is of importance equal to the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter, and that extraordinary controls surrendered to the central government should be promptly returned to the state sovereignties upon the termination of the war. These principles we regard as essential to the preservation of the American way of life. To them we hereby dedicate ourselves unreservedly, singly, and collectively, and we highly resolve to work and fight to preserve on the home front the spirit that has given us our cherished institution of liberty and individual freedom, that our soldiers may return from the far-flung battle fronts of the world to find the institutions, for which they have fought, unimpaired. —The American Legion, September 23, 1943

OUR forebears turned their backs upon a life where serfs were bound to the land, where rigid rules of rank suppressed the genius of the common man, and a state church oppressed dissenters.

They braved a rough and unknown sea in cockle-shell boats. They endured cold and hunger and want.

They created a nation dedicated to justice, freedom and democracy.

Protected by the bulwark of the Constitution, our fathers and mothers subdued the forests, climbed the mountains, traversed the plains, and gave us the United States.

Log huts have changed to homes. The canoe has given way to the steamboat, the train, the auto and the plane. Herb doctors have been supplanted by medical science. Filth has bowed to sanitation; ignorance has yielded to education. We enjoy the highest plane of living in the history of mankind.

Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Monroe and



BY WARREN H. ATHERTON

National Commander, The American Legion



Lincoln gave political guidance in forging a way of life in which equality was the framework.

Whitney, Fulton, Morse, Bell and Edison paced progress toward plenty through mass production.

Our advancement was not planned by supermen. It was not accomplished by regiments of citizens assigned to this or that task. It was not obtained by masses of people thinking thoughts prepared by master minds.

Our progress is the sum total of the free and independent action of millions of individuals on farms, in blacksmith shops, in stores, in factories, in schools, on the highways and byways of this great land.

Each thought his own thoughts, planned his own future, tried his own experiments, and worked for whom and where and how he pleased.

A system of free enterprise rewarded each according to his ability, industry and merit.

We have made living better here, we have aided the afflicted of other nations, we have become the world's defender of democracy and its last hope for peace on earth and good-will among men.

This blessed way of life was "made in America."

For it men are dying on the slithering slopes of the Apennines and in the steaming swamps of the Solomons.

We on the home front must be alert to preserve that for which they fight.

Continental

Red Seal

Engines



POWER TO WIN

Pulling over coral reefs, climbing beaches, and then churning through jungle swamps, the "Water Buffalo" goes on and on, taking each hurdle in its stride.

This amphibian "Water Buffalo" is powerfully built, forcefully driven, and is a brute for punishment, carrying men and equipment with a speed on both sea and land that is a military secret.

These "Water Buffalos," manufactured by the Food Machinery Corporation, are powered by mighty Continental Red Seal Engines.

Your Dollars are Power, Too! Buy War Bonds and Keep Them.

Continental Motors Corporation

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN



Awarded to the
Detroit and Muskegon
Plants of Continental Motors
for High Achievement.



AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



"Rafe figgers his curve-pitchin' Bazooka zigs 'em when they're zaggin'!"

"PLUG-CHEK" HELPS KEEP 'EM FIRING!

Correct spark plugs help deliver good gas mileage. Faulty or improper plugs can waste gas, cause excessive spark plug electrode wear, and make engines hard to start. Cleaning and re-gapping may be all your present spark plugs need, and "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service can aid your service man in determining what should be done. Tests conducted by the American Automobile Association show Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service may increase gas mileage as much as 12%. Ask for a "Plug-Chek" today.



THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

TOLEDO, 1 • Merchandising Division • OHIO

Tune in
AUTO-LITE'S
 GREAT RADIO SHOW
 STARRING
RONALD COLMAN
 IN
"EVERYTHING FOR THE BOYS"
 Tuesday Night . . . NBC Network
 Featuring men and women at the fighting fronts



IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 4)

June 19, 1897, inducted July 22, 1942;
John W. Bishop, James L. Yates Post,
Owensboro, Ky., born Aug. 25, 1897,
inducted Aug. 28, 1942.

More about this matter in June.

UNDER the title *A Veteran Speaks*,
C. A. Barrett of East Liberty
(Pennsylvania) Post offers these lines:

Twenty-five years ago today
I faced the world in the self same way
I'd joined the Army to fight a war
To rid the earth of a festering sore.
Some of us died and some of us live,
But all of us gave what we had to give.

We were sent back home when we won
the war
Without removing the festering sore.
And the ghosts of our comrades cried
out in shame
For the job unfinished for which we
came;
But the men of Gold had then decreed
Their wealth meant more than human
seed.

So the roots were left in the festering
sore,
And now my son has gone to war
To do the job I should have done
In nineteen twenty and twenty-one,
When the League of Nations was still
a source
Of Christian strength and human force.

But we were too selfish to think of others
And said "TO HELL WITH OUR
FOREIGN BROTHERS."

So now my son has gone to war
To finally finish an unfinished chore.
Praise God he'll have the guts to do
The job we failed to carry through.

But we, at home, must have the nerve
To protect the boys in the ranks, who
serve,

By using our citizen's right to vote.
So that no father may need again note,
"I've sent my son to carry a gun
To finish the job I should have done."

Our boys will fight and win again,
But all that they give will be in vain
Unless we keep faith with those who
lie

In Flanders Field, Hold the Torch on
High
That the sons of our sons may live
in peace
And the fear of war on earth may cease.

And God in his glory may look once
more

On a world without a festering sore,
Where men may walk in the light of
the sun

And not be afraid of the scourge of
the Hun.

Where every man has his proper place
And worships and works for the good
of the race.

THE EDITORS

ARMY ENGINEERS "Give 'em the Works!"



"What would the Ar-my do with-out the En-gi-neers?" pops the \$64 question in "Song of the Engineers". A hard one to answer! Wherever the Army advances, in tropic jungle or arctic outpost, the Engineers are out in front preparing the way . . . building air bases for our flying forces . . . throwing bridges across broad rivers . . . constructing highways over formidable mountain ranges . . . resourcefully transforming all kinds of "impossible" assignments into routine tasks.

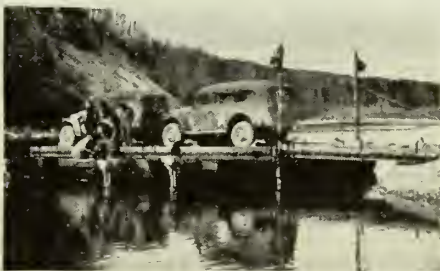
Speed is a vital factor with the Engineers, and outboard motors have proved highly useful in ferrying, bridging and many other operations. The Evinrude above, fresh from its packing case, will soon know what it is to "get the works" from the Army's hard-working Engineers.



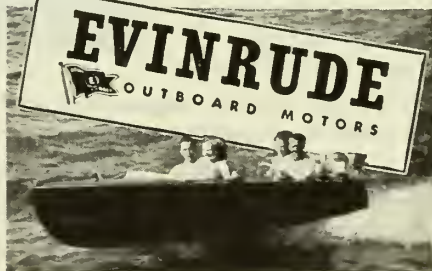
1 Mounted on a standard Engineers' ponton, (the Army term is *ponton*, not "pontoon"), this Evinrude makes fast work of transporting bridge material. It takes *stamina* as well as power to deliver the goods in this kind of service!



2 Ferries built quickly — here's how they do it! Several pontoons are decked together with standard bridge material and, with motors mounted, the ferry is ready! Here 3 Evinrudes do a "triple screw" job pushing a truck up stream.



3 Ready to go with another load. Such service is not as spectacular as that performed by the great Evinrudes that drive the Engineers' speedy Storm Boats, but it's important — and it may have to be done under battle conditions!



4 After Victory there will be thrilling new Evinrudes for all to enjoy! To-day it is *our* job to deliver to our fighting forces the finest motors that all our skill and long experience can build! EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

EVERY DOLLAR YOU INVEST HELPS SPEED VICTORY...BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Show *him* the way to go home



THERE are split seconds when his judgment is the most important thing in the world. The safety of a ship and crew, the fate of a mission, the work and hopes of many men—are in his hands. They are in good hands.

There is no more important task for G-E research and engineering today than in developing equipment to make this—one of the toughest jobs of our time—a little easier and a little safer.

Every day, in every flight, electricity is at work in our bombers and fighters.

Electrically driven gyroscope instruments show the pilot the way to go—in fog, or cloud, or night.

Electric lamps illuminate instrument dials and landing strip.

Radio binds the squadron together and links it to its base; power turrets protect it. The automatic pilot relieves the human pilot at the controls, and unlever power controls give him, in effect, an extra hand by combining the controls for turbosuperchargers and engines.

Electric motors start the engines, retract the landing gear, change the pitch of the propellers.

Electricity heats boots, and gloves, and flying suits of pilot and crew.

Although the American homes of our fliers are half a world away, home base—because of electric instruments in their cockpits, and electric equipment on their planes—is a little nearer, a little surer and more certain. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

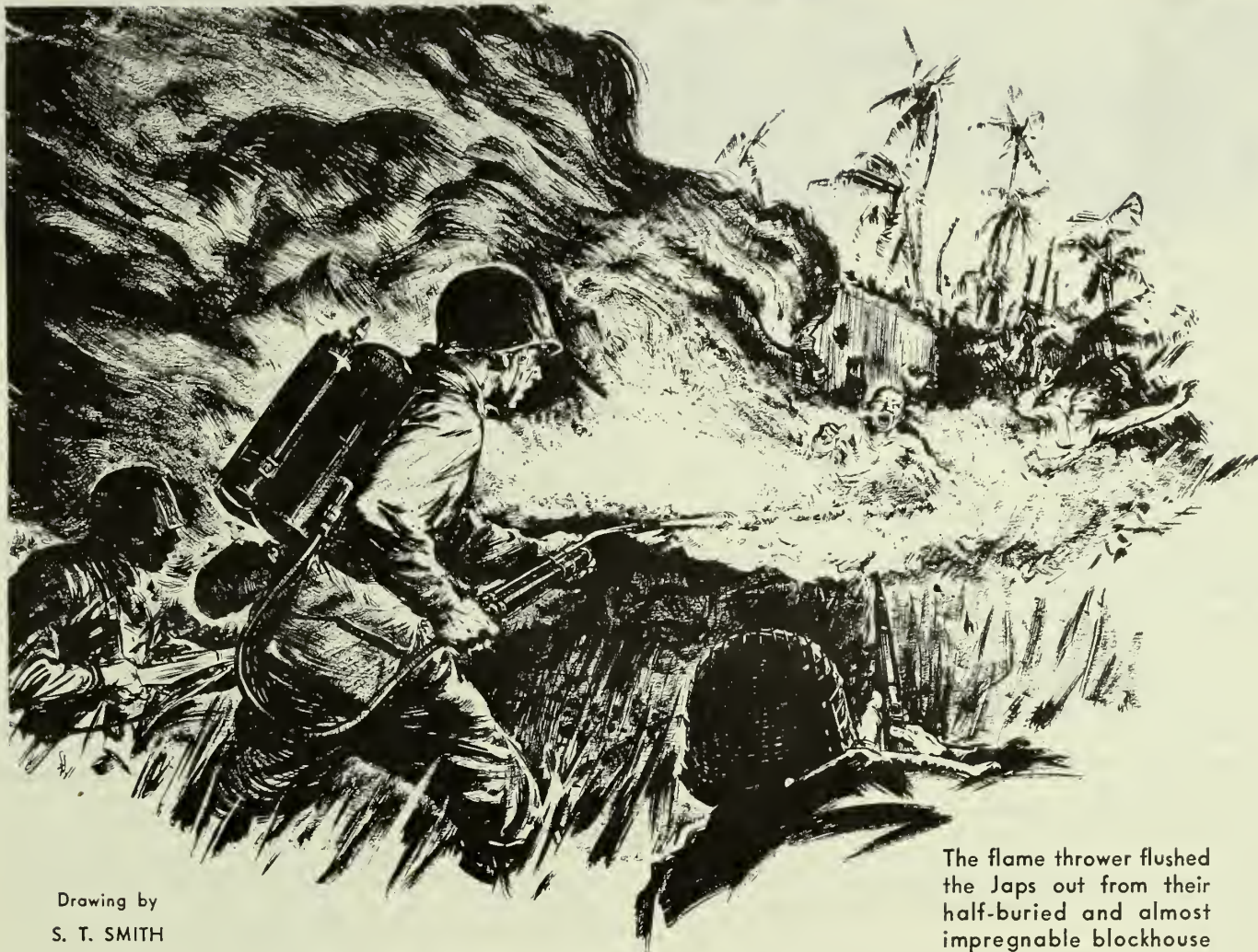
★ Some Equipment General Electric Builds for Aviation: gyroscope and other instruments, automatic pilots, remote indicating compasses, radio equipment, motors and motor actuator units, generators, unlever power controls, ignition systems, jet propulsion engines, turbosuperchargers, flying suits, lamps, power turrets, computers and sights, hydraulic systems, electronic devices, etc.

BUY WAR BONDS

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-606C1-211



Drawing by
S. T. SMITH

The flame thrower flushed the Japs out from their half-buried and almost impregnable blockhouse

Hell on the Loose

By HOLMAN HARVEY

THE United States has a gun that can shoot around a corner. Developed by the Army and used spectacularly by the Marines, it has made history on the bloody beaches of New Georgia Island, at Bougainville, at Tarawa, at Cape Gloucester, and in the Marshall atolls. It is a fearful weapon.

It is America's new M1A1 flame-thrower.

I have just talked with two of the Marine Corps' fighting cameramen who went in with the first assault wave at Tarawa and saw the M1A1's drive the Japs in screaming terror from their half-buried and almost impregnable blockhouses. At many points, it was the only weapon that could flush them out. That was after we had tried in vain 16-inch

Our new double-action flame thrower shoots around corners, rolls into open doors, windows and portholes, consuming everything in its path. It flushed out the Japs at Tarawa after everything else had failed

naval shells, dive bombs, and TNT.

The cameramen described the operation against one particular blockhouse. The procedure has been worked out in mathematical detail and is standard for all similar operations.

After demolition crews had succeeded in planting several charges of high explosives against the walls of the stronghold and these had been detonated without success, the command came:

"Flame-throwers, forward!"

Two Marines started bellying cautiously toward the low-lying fortification, using such cover as they could find.

Strapped to the back of one was 60 pounds of metal cylinders. This man carried no rifle, grenades, or other means of protection. Instead, he bore a longish, odd-looking gun with a crooked barrel, connected by a flexible tubing to the cylinders on his back. Close at his heels was his assistant, ready to operate the cylinder valves the gunner could not reach or to take over the gun itself in an emergency. The assistant, being unencumbered, carried a rifle.

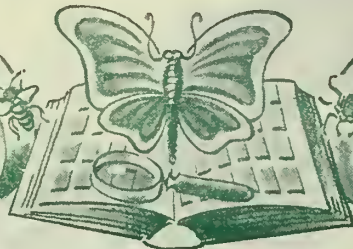
As the two-man team crept forward, other Marines covered its approach with rotating fire directed at the fronting portholes of the blockhouse.

At length, the flame-throwers reached their station. It was a precise point, carefully determined in advance. It was

(Continued on page 34)

The Waters of the Earth

Written by SERGEANT JOHN W. FRITZ, JR., on New Guinea



The Waters of the Earth overrun their banks;
Yet the fruit of the land is withered and dry.
And eons of bright, cloudless sun must warm the breast of Earth
Before the soil shall regain its richness.

I am the boy of whom you have heard,
He who has been expounded in countless paragraphs,
Unending verse. I am he
Who played with electric trains,
Polished sled-runners,
Earlier, built blocks, and counted the beads on a play pen.
I am the leggy adolescent son of a Mother,
The son who never found time to comb his hair before school,
and who collected, in order,
Butterflies and bugs, match covers and stamps.
I am he who was always hungry; the one who left pennants
And catalogues and model airplanes and microscopes
And books and chemicals and letters and clothes
Scattered to the high winds and four corners of his bedroom
sanctuary;
The one who complained to all things good and mighty when the
housecleaning broom
Of a tolerant and persistent Mother
Disarranged the methodical disorder and visited wanton
destruction—
The destruction of cleanliness—on this sanctuary,
And hid his chemical set before he should blow the house to
Kingdom Come.
I am that boy.
I am he who went to high school football games with the gang,
And was despondent for a week if his team lost the game.
I am he who was taught to play the game hard and clean.
To play to win.

I'm playing a different game, now.
But I'm playing hard—and playing to win.

After those days, I am the man who followed,
The man who put away childish things,
And proudly, and just a little bit timidly,
Left home for college.
I am he who wore loud clothes and joined a fraternity,
And was soon sophisticated to the worldly wisdom of the
University.
And was the devoted admiration of his parents, although they saw
little enough of him
When he returned from school for a weekend.
He who was out to a ball game with the gang,
Or a movie with his girl.
Yes, I am that man.

I'm out with the gang again;
This time the game is a little different,
And the girl is a hazy dream—with a little house, white picket
fences and children.

I am one of a thousand, a million, fifty millions;
My history is the history of countless others
Who collected, in order,
Butterflies and bugs, match covers and stamps.

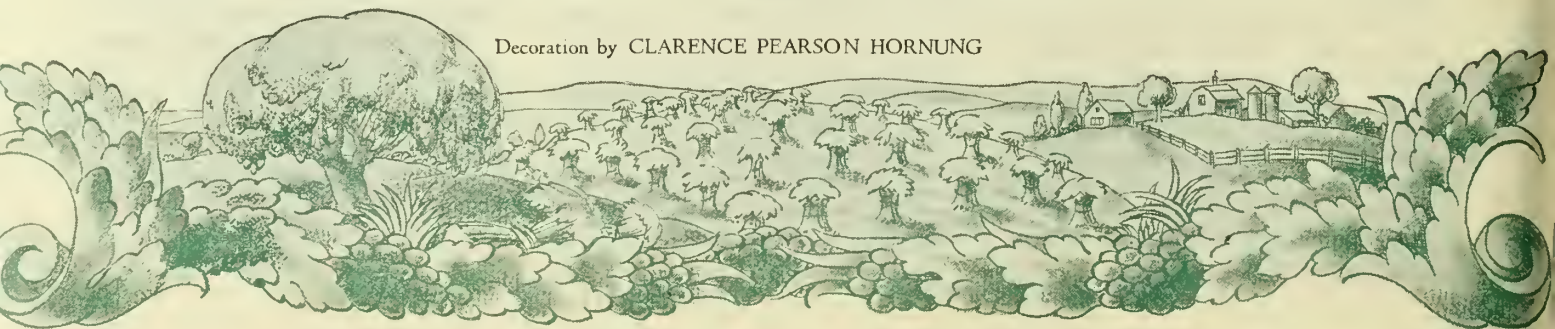
I am but a small organism in the life blood of America.
But, as are the other millions important, I am important—
Unbelievably, incredibly important.
For we, collectively, ourselves, are the life blood of America.
We are the tender memories of the past,
The frontier of the present,
The hope for the future.
We shall generate the scientists and architects and doctors
And poets and preachers of the future.
We shall encourage the meek, lift the common, quiet the braggart.
We shall laud the accomplished, teach the ambitious;
Our hands hold the future of America.
We who, yesterday, made harmless dyes with high school chemicals,
Will, tomorrow, man and equip the mighty laboratories of the world.
We who, yesterday, were struggling desperately in an attempt to
conquer Long Division and Algebra and Ancient History
Will, tomorrow, teach in the magnificent classrooms of the nation.
We who watched, will do;
Who saw, will show;
And who listened, will speak.
And our speech will be the voice of a million, of ten or a hundred
million,
And our wisdom will be that of the ages.

And the Earth shall be ripe and rich,
And the harvest great.

That's the why of it.
That's why we are here—
That is the promise of the future
Which makes the present so obligatory, so demanding, so necessary,
so inevitable.
The Pleasantry of the past, the promise of the future
Plot the course for the present.
That's the why of it.
That's why today, we of the butterflies and bugs, match covers
and stamps
Are murderers.
Murderers in the same sense that a doctor, who for the preservation
of mankind
Destroys a parasitic germ or a devastating scourge.
If he is a murderer, then we are.

Somewhere in our dreams the fields are green
With a verdancy comparable only to the blueness of the skies above.
Somewhere there are sweet voices
Choraling angelic hymns.
Somewhere a woman's touch,
Brightens the world, then leaves it looking the less bright
When that touch is withdrawn.

Decoration by CLARENCE PEARSON HORNUNG





Somewhere there are churches and schools and homes,
And joyous people, laughing people, singing people.
We, of the butterflies and stamps, have a joy of our own,
A laughter of our own,
A song of our own.
We hold a joy at life which each sun, filling the dark earth with
reassurance
Recalls and provokes.

We have a laughter—
Loud, blatant, fierce, terrifying—
That mocks at the futile attempts
Of the Waters of the Earth, while we build dams and levees,
Knowing the while, our sandbags are the strength of God,
Our breastworks, the foundations and fortresses of freedom.
We have a song: melodic, martial,
And at the same time, tender.
It is the song of liberation, the symphony of succor.
It is the theme of our forefathers.
Joy and laughter and song—
Incongruous with bloodshed and tears,
Incompatible with dirt and disease,
And unthinkable in the face of withering loneliness.
But our joy and laughter and song are the sustenance of a free heart,
The basis of courage, the hope of mankind.
So we laugh and sing as we build dams and levees.

And the prosperous land will yield
Bountiful blessings, and the poor will be rich,
And the sad will be happy.
And the Waters of the Earth will recede.

Can you, who read this within the security of your home,
Feel the desperation we knew when we left the security of our home?
Can you know the heart's emptiness as the miles of land spilled over
the horizon's edge,
And gave way to blue water?
Can you feel the silent terror, unspoken fear
Which shook the bravest heart
When first the chill realization of peril struck miserably into every
soul?
First, fear of sabotage on the railroads of home—
How sweet home sounds now;
Welcome, friendly, warm, sweet—
The submarines, or enemy warships
That the loud speaker system announced.
Can you hear the booming silence—
Each breath caught for the blow?
Can you know what it means to lie sleepless
Starting with each distant drone of an airplane motor,
And mistaking the sound of a truck accelerating in the low gears
For the screaming dive of enemy fury from the sky?
Can you feel the mud of the fox hole and slit trench?
Mud that combines with your sweat and soaks into your clothes,
And into your blood.

Can you hear the whine of shells, the sullen roar and the burst of
ack-ack,

See orange streaks patterning the night with a mosaic of death?
Have you ever mistaken thunder for the roar of enemy guns—
Or awakened thanking God with every fervent prayer you know
That your restless, torturous sleep was otherwise undisturbed?
Or, having been warned of their coming, have you ever sat
Under the strained quietude of the pale stars—waiting for that
coming?

Just waiting—and wondering—
Waiting and wondering.

Wondering what the next ten infinitely long minutes will bring;
Waiting desperately for the violent hell about you to blow loose—
O God, Almighty Father, still the troubled waters!

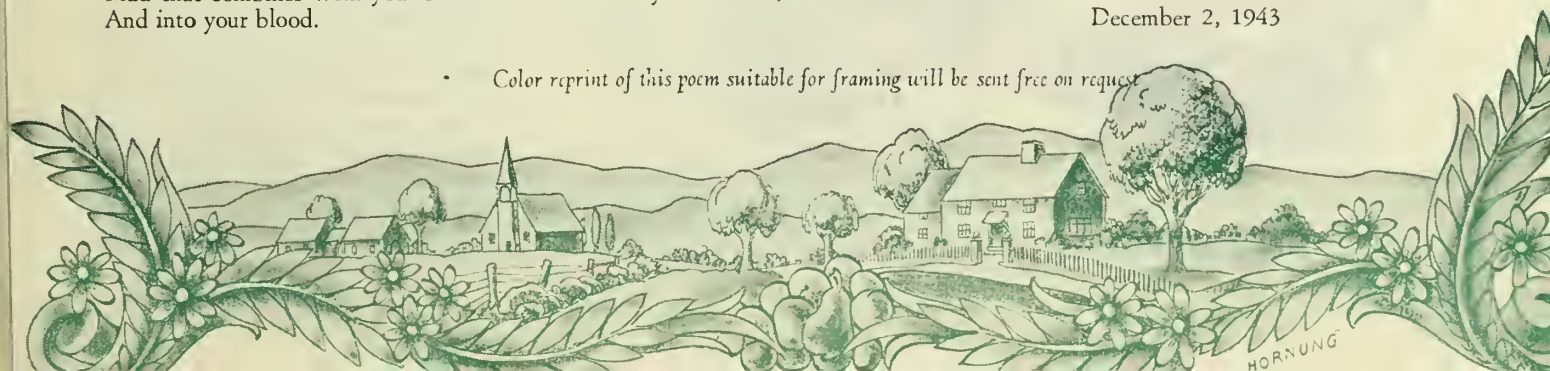
Moments of restfulness during the day,
Moments when you can think—if you dare.
Then, with the tranquillity of a green meadow
And early flowers swaying and nodding in the spring breeze,
With the realization, the cognizance brought about when the last
wisp of a city fog
Yields to the relentlessness of a demonstrative breeze,
Your mind clears,
And once again you think of the why of it.
Visions of Pilgrims and Pioneers, frontiers, brave men,
Dance before you and enchant your being
Into a divineness.
Washington speaks from Valley Forge, Grant from Richmond—
Chateau-Thierry, the Argonne, Gettysburg, Lake Erie, Manila Bay
Sound forth in a triumphant rhapsody of freedom,
In the name and voice of liberty, in the Epic of America!
And the promise is of a mankind free.
Though you, who read this within the security of your home, were
not in the fox holes you know that freedom—
To speak, to act, to write, to pray
At the dictates of an unhampered conscience.

And that's about the story in its entirety.
It's not particularly pleasant,
It's not for the squeamish, who close their eyes
And blindly think wishfully to a fool's death.
But the story is one of perpetuation of an ideal, a cause—
Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.
It is the story of bloodshed and courage, faith and devotion.
It is the Epic of America!

For the Waters of the Earth will recede to the confines of their banks,
And will leave the fruit of the land moistened unto ripeness.
The good Earth shall be fertile and productive,
And man shall reap the abundance
Amid peace and goodwill on Earth forevermore.

December 2, 1943

• Color reprint of this poem suitable for framing will be sent free on request



A Letter Home

By EARLE B. CHILDS

A Tale of the Solomons

I AM Edward Breckenridge Clark, and I'm a lieutenant in the United States Navy. I graduated from the Naval Academy several years ago and right now I'm in a hospital bed somewhere "down under." They expect me to die. They haven't told me that, of course, but the Chaplain has been sitting here with me for six hours now. I'm dictating all this to him to take my mind off the pain. Both of my legs are gone, you see, and though sometimes I seem to feel knots and cramps all up and down them, still it's the sharp stabs right where the stumps end that get me.

Funny how things end up. I knew that a professional naval officer has to expect the worst sooner or later, if not in this war, then maybe in the next. Somehow I never thought it would hit me quite this way. Well, anyhow, I'll start at the beginning of that last night and tell the whole story the best I can remember it. I know how cut and dried those casualty telegrams are. The department doesn't waste any words; I guess they haven't time. This way, at least, Nita, Mother, Dad and Art can really know what happened and why I'll never be home any more.

I BELONGED to the Motor Torpedo Boat flotilla that was operating out of Tulagi harbor in the Solomons. On the night I was hurt it looked as though the Japs were ready to fold up

over on Guadalcanal. For several weeks their backs had been against the wall and they were sort of "holed up" on Cape Esperance, up around Kamimbo Bay. The "Tokyo Express"—that's what we called the relieving groups of destroyers that tried to bring aid to the starving Jap infantry—was not running successfully, thanks to our PT outfit.

Whenever the dark of the moon occurred, ten or fifteen Jap cans would pull out of the Jap Bougainville base and make the five-hundred-mile dash down the slot to Cape Esperance, loaded with drums of rice, landing boats, and ammunition. That was their only chance of success—darkness. If they came by moonlight, Marine and Navy dive and torpedo bombers blasted their ranks as easily as in daylight. In the inky Solomon darkness the planes couldn't operate, but PT boats could, and all Jap attempts in the past had been thwarted by our bull-throated midget battleships.

Tonight was the second night of the dark of the moon. The Japs hadn't come last night, and judging by past performances they were a cinch to show up tonight. The boys wouldn't know for sure until they reported in to the operations office for their night-patrol orders. By then, 1830 Navy time, the Hudson reconnaissance planes had returned to Henderson Field from their evening trips, and the enemy's probable time of arrival would be flashed to the PT boys. Everybody knew what the Jap objective was, and they all realized he'd arrive off Savo Island about 2300, carry out his business, and leave by 0130.

He had to leave by 0130 or he'd still be within dive-bomber range at dawn—an invitation to disaster. During the two-and-a-half hours the enemy was in the channel between Savo Island and Cape Esperance we PT boys would be trying to dodge the screening ships and slip a fish between the ribs of the rice carriers. The Jap technique was to put drums of

rice on about five destroyers and run parallel to the Jap-held portions of the beach about a mile off shore—to go closer was to invite collision with a reef. After dumping their rice drums, ammunition packets and boats, the Jap destroyers would roar up and down at thirty-odd knots hoping to wash their cargoes ashore with their tremendous wakes. They would have been successful, too, but our crowd used to stick around after the Japs had shoved off, and fill the rice drums full of fifty-caliber holes. The Jap landing boats and ammunition found their separate ways into our hands.

At about 1730 I put on my overalls and shoes and walked to the cook shack. The boys were already lined up with their cafeteria trays and tinware, ready for the evening's dole of Spam and baked beans. Before each meal I used to make mental note of the good, solid, delectable things I was going to order when I landed in an area that had time and facilities to cater to a man's taste.



"The chaplain has been sitting with me for six hours now"



With staggering suddenness the night split apart and a column of flame went half a mile into the air

Breakfast and lunch were fairly pleasant meals, but the evening meal was a quiet, moody affair. Each night one half of the outfit patrolled, and the other half slept. The next night we exchanged occupations. By day the whole gang turned to to service the boats and plug up shot holes.

At supper an utter stranger could tell at a glance which half of the group was going on patrol and which half was going to bed. The patrolers spoke not at all, or in a very low voice if they absolutely had to talk. Eyes were pretty thoroughly glued to plates, and thoughts were far away in distant, happier climes. Every other night, regular as clockwork, we had been making our peace with our Maker and keying ourselves up for the ordeal of facing death in any of several nasty guises. Supper was definitely not a pleasant meal. The time of departure was too close.

At 1800 I was at the village landing

where the boats' crews assembled to be ferried across Tulagi harbor to the PT moorings and base. There was a sameness in what we had on, and it was impossible to tell officers from men. Everyone wore those long, tan overalls they issued as combat dress, and carried or wore a kapok life jacket. Around every waist was strapped a web belt with Colt forty-five, hunting knife, and spare ammunition clips. Every head was covered with the distinctive American style tin hat. Some carried canteens that were usually filled with the cocoa or hot tea that had been served at the evening meal. It got devilish chilly off Savo about one A.M.

The crews piled into a Higgins landing boat and were carried to their respective PT boats. All boat captains were landed at the operations office in the PT base where the night's orders would be issued. There always seemed to be a wait once things had been checked over. It never varied.

Everybody sat around and wrote letters until 1830 when the Guard Mail boat roared in. In a few moments we knew the worst. Fifteen Jap destroyers with two light cruisers were en route to Cape Esperance from Bougainville. Estimated time of arrival 1930 tonight. The Hudsons had done their duty: it was now up to the PTs to stop the show.

"Fifteen cans and two cruisers," says I to myself: "the little sinkers are really trying to carry the mail tonight."

"All right, fellows," from the senior watch officer, "gather round and we'll discuss ways and means."

Every captain knew what he was up against. It was the same story we had faced time and again in the past—fifteen destroyers and two cruisers against our available force of eight PT boats.

"Four boats under me to patrol the beach off Esperance, keeping about two miles off shore. Two boats under Ed

(Continued on page 36)

THE Tunisian winter night was well advanced when a vociferous shadow descended a hill and dragged two more shadows from shallow fox-holes.

"Git up—git up!" roared the shadow. "Git up, ye rebels! We got a tank out, an' we gotta get in before Ordnance cleans it out for us. Come on, outta that! Jimmie seen it. He knows where it is. Take yuh out in a peep. Come on, git goin'. Whaddyuh waitin' for?"

The two other shadows, black against the blackness of the "bled," stood silently. The repair section of a tank battalion had taken up its abode near the cactus-walled corral of an Arab farm, in the wrecked buildings of which its shop had been installed.

"We ain't maintenance men," spoke one of the shadows. "We're replacements."

"What's your name? Know how to drive a tank? Whaddyuh doin' here?"

"My name is Red an' his is Stuffy," replied the other. "There was an officer. He threw our 'A' bags off the truck an' says to get off here. So we got off. We dug a slit trench an' went to bed. We already been fed. 'C' rations at four o'clock."

"I'm the maintenance sergeant," said the man who had aroused them. "They call me Wild Bill. The tank's about five miles down the road. On your way!"

"Well, now, Sergeant," cried Red hastily, "if I said we could drive a tank, it would be only in a manner of speakin'. We had our driver trainin' in the Replacement Center, but we ain't what you would call tank drivers. We went right way to Bakers an' Cooks School, an—"

"Don't give me no argument," ordered Wild Bill. "You won't need to drive no tank. Only git in it an' wait for the wrecker crew to get there. There's thieves here, mostly the Ordnance. They strip a wounded tank before it's stopped kickin'. There's nothin' I hate like a man will steal spare parts."

"We wouldn't know anything about takin' parts out," began Red, "an if the tank won't run we wouldn't hardly be of any use."

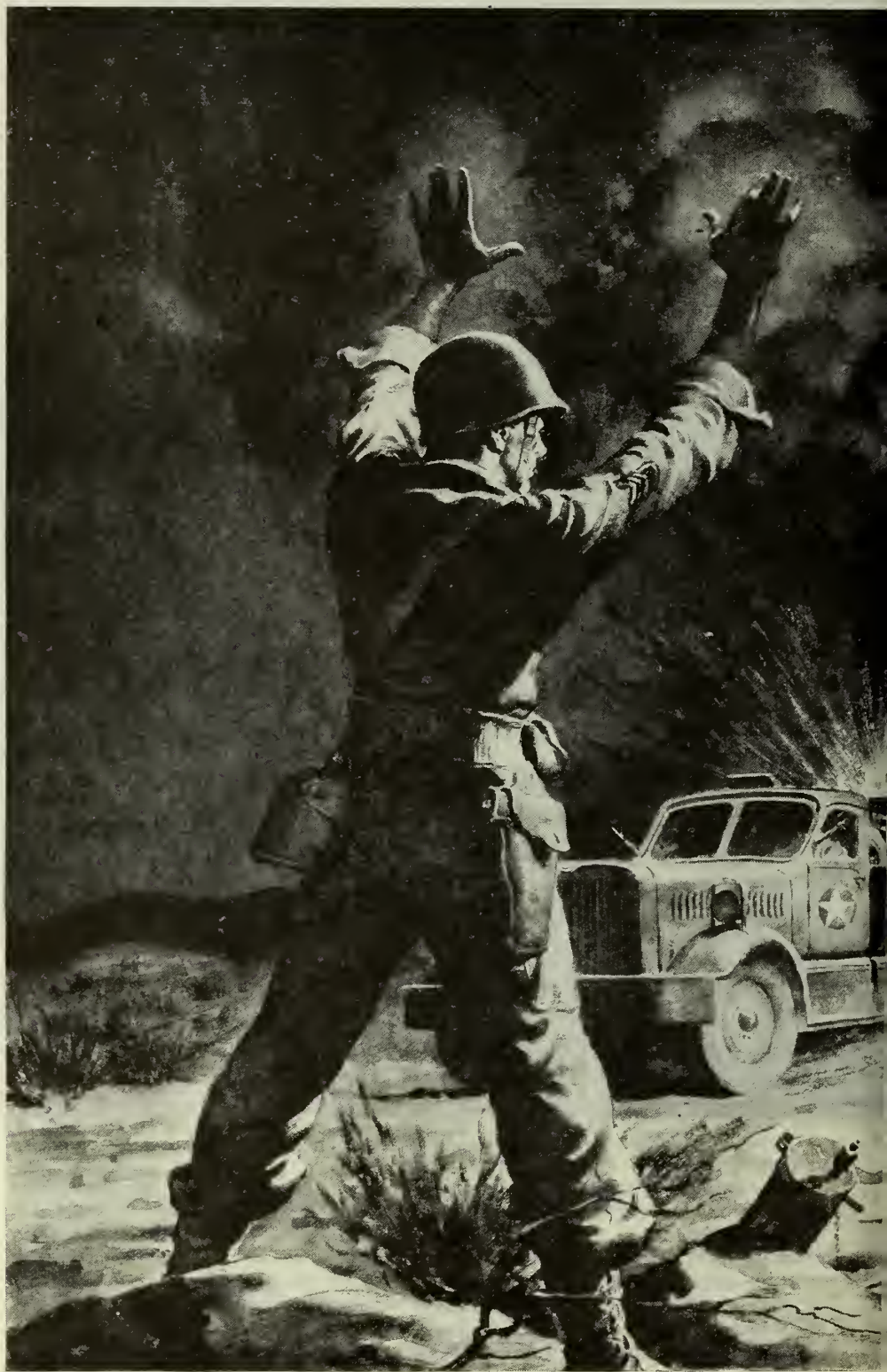
"Go git that tank!" roared Wild Bill. "Gid oudda here! If it won't run, you guys git together on it an' push it home!"

Red and Stuffy settled their steel helmets about their ears and went.

The quarter-ton truck, or peep, as the soldiery call the vehicle, slithered its uncertain way across the "bled."

"What's the fire to get to this tank?" demanded Stuffy. "Why can't they wait for daylight?"

"They're just horsin' us for recruits," answered Red, clinging for dear life to the side of the vehicle. "I shoulda told that sergeant there I had almost a year in the service. I'm an old soldier. But then there's no use declarin' yourself



"Halt!" roared Wild Bill. "By God, halt! We're goin' to take a tank back with us if we have to raid the Jerry lines to get it!"



Little Joe

By LEONARD H. NASON



your first night in a new outfit. Not to no sergeants, anyway."

The driver spoke for the first time since loading his passengers.

"Naw," he said, "they ain't horsin' yuh. He ain't got no maintenance men left. Got to get that tank before someone salvages it. First guy gets to an abandoned tank steals all the spare parts, crank, track, sprockets, sights, Little Joe, weapons, ammunition, and periscopes. Disgustin', I calls it."

"What would a Little Joe be?" asked Stuffy. "I don't just remember that part."

"It's a little generator that gives the juice for the turret an' the stabilizer an' all them electric things in the tank," scoffed the driver. "You *must* be a John!"

"Ah, them lousy Ordnance," groaned Red, "to steal their own spare parts."

"If they didn't," grunted the driver, "the Krauts would!"

"Krauts? You mean Germans?" gurgled Stuffy. "Any o' them around?"

"Depends." The driver spun the wheel, skidded through a patch of mud and straightened out again. "There ain't

no front lines at night out here in these hills. The Krauts don't prowl much. Sometimes they register artillery on abandoned tanks, and if they hear a noise, let go. But mostly they come out an' drag our tanks in. Along with them they find workin' on 'em."

"Pay no attention," advised Red with scorn. "He's kiddin' yuh."

Half an hour, an hour passed. The men shivered in the bitter wind that whistled across the moors. A flare climbed slowly heavenward before them, trailing a long thread of silver light that suddenly became smoking brilliance.

"There's the tank!" snapped the driver, slamming on his brakes. "When the light goes out, climb into it."

When the flare had died out the three soldiers hurriedly mounted the great tank and eased themselves into the interior.

"After all," said the driver, "we're behind steel. Now I'll show you guys how the Little Joe works. Looka, Stuffy, sit down there in that seat. That's where the gunner sits. Now put up your hand to the right. There's a crank there. Turn it slow. That moves the turret by hand, an' here's Little Joe in a hole in the wall where I can start him up. Only I ain't goin' to. If he was goin', you could turn the turret by power. But that would make a noise, an' we would maybe get a load o' watermelons. You guys stay in the tank. I gotta watch my peep." He slid out again and disappeared in the darkness.

Left alone, the two soldiers shivered in the tank. It was cold in there. There was a second level below the turret where the driver and assistant driver sat, now dark and empty. Oil dripped there somewhere.

"This tank won't run," said Red. "The final drive is busted. Hear the oil drip?"

Half an hour passed, marked by continuous flares from the enemy, all far away.

"Say," began Stuffy suddenly, "shouldn't we take out that Little Joe? That's what seems to be worryin' them the most. Then if they can't drive the tank away, they can have Little Joe anyways."

"Sure. It's better than sittin' here in the dark countin' heart beats. Now I know where there's tools if they ain't been stole."

The wind howled as the men worked, a distant machine gun gossiped with a neighbor, and three or four more joined in the discussion. The bolts were stubborn. But Little Joe was finally loose, hoisted out of the turret, and the peep driver helped them put it into the back of the vehicle.

"Better get back in the tank now," he
(Continued on page 50)



They'd pull out finger-worn snapshots to show you, of the folks at home

WE HAD
come
from all
over the

United States—from the quiet South and the Far West and from small white towns in New England. We had traveled thousands of miles on troopships through the Atlantic and Pacific and Indian Oceans, depending on the routes of our convoys.

Some of us had journeyed clear across the United States on our way to embarkation ports. Men and women would come up to us in stations along the way. "My boy's over there," they'd say. "If you see him . . ."

If you see him, tell him you saw us, tell him how it is at home. Tell him so many little things—all the small messages from the heart someone from home can give so much better than a letter ever can.

Once, when we were waiting in a little cold station down South on our way to the boat, a man came up to us with bottles of coke in his hands. Our equipment was heavy. We were tired and dirty and cold. We'd been traveling since four that morning.

"You look thirsty," he said. "The

The G.I.'s Friend

By KATHERINE BLAKE

Yes, "The Red Cross is at his side" in all the theaters of operations overseas. Here's a report from one of the Angels of Mercy who have been ministering to fighting Americans

Red Cross gave me something to drink in a station over there once during the last war. Would you like these? The best of luck!"

And so we started on our journey—personal ambassadors in a small way from the people here to their soldiers overseas.

When we arrived in the Middle East, we were assigned to Red Cross Clubs and hospitals. Some of us were sent out to the Western Desert, others up to Palestine and Persia, some down to

Eritrea and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

Four of us were stationed at the Red Cross Club for enlisted men in Cairo—the largest Red Cross Club in

the Middle East.

Most of the soldiers we saw were Air Corps men—bombardiers and combat crews down on leave from "The Blue" or passing through to unknown destinations from thousands of miles away. They were the boys who had been pounding the Axis in the Sicilian and Italian raids, in the giant Bari and Ploesti missions.

They'd pile out of their planes, hot and tired and dusty. Most of them hadn't had a bath for months. They hadn't slept in a real bed for many, many weeks. Sand was ground into their eyes and hair and skin.

Some soldiers would stagger in loaded down with their guns and heavy equipment, passing through on long convoy treks that had brought them through many countries. The Club lobby was always packed with service men in a great, shouting, pressing mass.

They'd talk to you by the hour of
(Continued on page 54)

Illustrated by L. R. GUSTAVSON

...and still



Queen of Battles

By **HENRY J. REILLY**
BRIGADIER GENERAL, O.R.C.



THE infantry is staging a comeback.

It has been in eclipse since mechanized forces and aviation captured the imagination of some of our military people and most of our writers, news commentators and editors—the moulders of public opinion.

However, as the fighting in this war rises in fury there emerges a fact which military men who kept their heads level knew all along: the mechanized and aviation forces, important as they are, cannot replace the infantry or diminish its importance.

Both the mechanized forces and aviation depend on the infantry for their own success.

The armored forces themselves include infantry. That this infantry rides to battle does not alter the fact that it fights on foot.

Aviation cannot operate without airfields or air bases. It is the ground troops, consisting primarily of infantry, who have since the beginning of the war captured these or successfully defended them. Land-based and carrier-based planes can soften up objectives, but the ground troops are needed for their capture.

BY 1918, due to the development of the tank and the airplane, rebellion against the infantry, Queen of Battles at

The infantry, the infantry, with dirt behind their ears are doing a magnificent job, without benefit of publicity. The foot soldier as always is taking and holding ground, and that's how this war's going to be won

the start of the conflict, was being whispered.

By the time the present conflict started in 1939 the whispers had become a shout of open revolt.

But to date four things have been proved in this great struggle.

First. The only times the Germans were stopped and above all the only times they were beaten were when they fought a force having more infantry than they themselves had.

Second. Tanks are successful only when they are supported by infantry.

Third. The air forces have been able to get bases from which to operate, only when ground forces, primarily composed of infantry, were able to seize and hold the necessary territory. That little strip of water separating Britain from the Continent saved the British Isles, simply because it proved uncrossable to the German infantry.

Fourth. In the Pacific the Japs were successful only when they had a larger

Drawing by BETTINA STEINKE

force of infantry than those opposed to them. And that's the story of American successes in the Pacific also.

The attempts by commentators who should know better, to play down the infantry and artillery in modern warfare and to exalt the plane-tank team is a case in point. Anything which is new and sensational is avidly seized upon by the general public, which doesn't want to think.

But facts are stubborn things, and the facts prove that the Queen of Battles, despite the funeral orations delivered over her, is still very much alive.

During the years that Germany was obeying the provisions of the Versailles Peace Treaty, insofar as limiting her regular army to the 100,000 laid down by that treaty, various German generals wrote books trying to show that a highly modern, efficient small force was better than a much larger one not so highly modern and efficient.

The brilliant British General Fuller was carrying on a campaign to get the British to produce a modern armored force of the general type and organization and with the tactics ultimately followed by the German panzer or armored Divisions. In the bitter controversy which he stirred up he probably claimed

(Continued on page 62)

Nurses Too Are Expendable

By DOROTHY SUTHERLAND

"Up front with the boys" is the slogan of the Army Nurse Corps in this war, as it was the boast of the Corps' members who served in France in 1918. Here is a story of devotion to duty that will warm your heart



Sisters who wear the Purple Heart: Lieutenants Madonna and Agnes Nolan, A.N.C., of Oakland, Ill., wounded when their hospital ship was hit by German bombs at Salerno last September



The Navy has gallant nurses also. Here's one, Ann Bernatitus, Exeter, Pa., who got away from Corregidor just before it fell

AN INFANTRYMAN back from Italy minus one leg told this story about one of the early days at Salerno.

"Not very long after I was hit," he said, "a litter bearer and another corpsman brought me back to this little field hospital not very far from where they'd got me. Doctors and orderlies were busily operating. The place was full of litters and medics wearing olive fatigues and gauze wrapped like turbans around their heads. They were all shapeless and clumsy looking, but they moved quietly and you knew they knew what they were doing.

"One of them came over to take a look at my leg. My pants and my flesh and the muscle and blood tissue underneath were all ground up together like hamburger. I didn't want anyone fooling around it. So I said, 'Take it easy, bud, when you get near that leg.' 'Relax, soldier,' says the softest voice I'd heard in months. 'I haven't hurt a patient yet!' I looked at the smooth skin below the turban and the small hands, and I let out a yell like a warwhoop. 'Cripes!' I yelled. 'A woman, here in this hellhole.'"

Many a G.I. Joe in this war and the

last has felt the same surprise and then pleasure at finding an Army nurse right beside him however badly he might be wounded, and however far forward his position. For the Army nurse, the privilege of being the only woman permitted to go "up front with the boys" is one which has been earned by more than forty years of devoted and distinguished service to the Army both at home and overseas. In the last war as in this one, the Army nurse was the first woman to be assigned to foreign service with the A. E. F. Then as now she was the only woman who moved toward the front with the troops. Like them, she is "expendable," in the Army's jargon.

The first contingents of the American Army to sail for Europe in May 1917 were six American Red Cross base hospitals which General Gorgas had assigned to the British Expeditionary Forces. They embarked so hurriedly that the nurses sailed in civilian clothes and were overseas some months before adequate uniform issue caught up with them.

These units were U. S. Army Base Hospitals No. 4, Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland; No. 5, Peter Bent Brigham,

(Continued on page 45)



Nurses on the Anzio beachhead examine a package from home. From the left, Lieutenants M. F. Shoemaker, Winfield, Kan.; Elizabeth Davis, Jacksboro, Tenn.; Maribel Blossfield, Spragueville, Ia.

Can't Be Too Careful!

By LOUIS BIRNBAUM

He took his time investigating the contents of the bag, hoping Mrs. Adamkrek would leave it at home in the future

A POWERFUL reflector light glowed from atop the tiny frame guardhouse at the southwest corner of the sprawling munitions plant. It was shortly before 11 P. M., and the workers on the third shift were shuffling past Sergeant Harry Wilson, the head guard at Plant 2 gate.

Wilson, big, alert and sharp-eyed, was examining the identification badges and lunch boxes of the men and women as they filed through the guardhouse gate. He had been a filling station operator before the war and he wore his police uniform with pride.

Running through his mind were some of the instructions he had received that afternoon in the plant-protection class. He remembered particularly what the company's new plant protection chief had scrawled in large letters on a blackboard: "You Can't Be Too Careful!"

The sergeant, who had been promoted from plant patrolman recently, felt vastly superior to his non-uniformed fellow employes who silently flashed their metal badges and mechanically opened their lunch kits.

Sergeant Wilson, for one thing, knew how many millions of dollars' worth of war orders the busy company had on its books. He knew that a neighboring shell-loading plant was helpless without

his concern's output of vital shell fuses. He knew that many of the drawings used by the company were so secret they were stored away in bomb-proof vaults. Somehow, he felt sorry for the thousands of machine operators and assembly workers in the plant who did not have access to the "inside-dope" on production matters.

Few of the workers said anything as they plodded past Wilson's searching eyes. He had a reputation for being "a tough guy who didn't take any lip." It was rather generally known that he could recite from memory nearly every rule that had been listed in the fat handbook of regulations that was distributed, for security reasons, to every employee.

It was natural, therefore, that the sergeant was on his toes when Mrs. Wanda Adamkrek appeared at the gate carrying

a black, well-worn shopping bag. He had tangled with Mrs. Adamkrek before on the subject of that bag.

Mrs. Adamkrek, gray-haired and stout, was one of the scrub women assigned to the plant office building. She had been employed at the plant only four months. She had taken the job after her husband was killed in a steel mill accident.

Mrs. Adamkrek was in the habit of wearing a smock and an apron while she worked. She came to work by street car and carried the change of clothing in the black shopping bag. Her knowledge of English was limited and she found it hard to understand Sergeant Wilson's complaints.

He had tried repeatedly to explain that plant rules prohibited the carrying of

(Continued on page 35)



Illustrated by CARL PFEUFER



DOG TAG DOINGS



The "Fair Dinkum Laundry" is operated in New Guinea for the men of the 745th C. A. Battalion (AA) by Corporal A. F. Barhorst, above, and a buddy. They constructed the washing-machine from salvage material

YOUR retreaded Company Clerk each day is welcoming more and more wearers of dog tags as contributors to these columns. As this department is of, by and for the young (and not-so-young) men and women now in uniform, that is as it should be. There is, however, still a lack of response from the girls of the services—the WACS and WAVES and SPARS and MARINES. Off the record, we have heard some swell stories, but we prefer them firsthand.

This department is particularly happy to note an increase in material submitted by men in the various branches of the services stationed in distant theaters of operations. Contributions have arrived—some by V-mail—from New Guinea, North Africa, Sicily, England, Italy and other far-off places.

The invitation to submit material includes those many thousands who have been honorably discharged from service, among whom there are already approximately 200,000 who are fellow-members of the Legion. Accepted material pro-

duces some extra folding money for the contributors, so come across with it!

OCCASIONALLY, pictures and stories from across the seas reach us through a middleman—a Legionnaire father or friend of the contributor who relays the material to the desk of the Company Clerk. The picture of the soldier and the peculiar mechanical contraption beside which he stands is a case in point. It came to us from Albert Naber, member of Fort Loramie (Ohio) Post of the Legion, with this letter:

"I am sending to you a picture of Corporal Alphonso F. Barhorst and his washing-machine which I think will interest the readers of Dog Tag Doings.

"Sorry I can't give you much of a story except that Corporal Barhorst and a pal who are welders with the 745th Coast Artillery Battalion (Antiaircraft) now stationed in New Guinea, built the machine of oil drums and salvaged materials. They are now operating as the 'Fair Dinkum Laundry' (that 'Fair Dinkum' being the Australian version

of 'O. K.')

for the convenience of the men of their battalion and incidentally are making some extra dough."

Comrade Naber explained that Corporal Barhorst lived near Fort Loramie and attended school there. He was a member, some years before he went into service in 1941, of the Toolcraft 4-H Club sponsored by Fort Loramie Post which meets in the Post's clubhouse. Naber was the advisor of the Club.

We rushed a V-mail letter to the corporal on February 8th and he replied in like manner on February 23d—which is another argument for the use of V-mail if you want to reach your men overseas, and reach them promptly. Corporal Barhorst, whose address is





Lt. W. L. Paul, Sr., and two-year-old W. L., Jr., at Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina, in 1918, and across the page . . .

A.P.O. 503, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California, gave this additional information:

"Just received your letter today and I will give you as much information as I think will pass the censor.

"The washing-machine was first put into operation on February 13, 1943. It was made out of a half of an old oil drum and the steering column of an old French car that we found in a junk pile at an Aussie salvage dump. The paddles were made from the top of another drum. The pitman arm on the steering column is about six inches long, while that on the paddles is an inch longer, thus preventing the drag link from getting on dead center, and giving the back-and-forth motion just as you find in a regular machine. And it works fine for my partner and me. So far as I know there have been at least a dozen or so machines made after the original model.

"I entered service in November, 1941 and on April 18, 1942, we were already on the high seas. We were in Australia for a few months before we came up here to New Guinea. I have been through a hundred and seventy-seven air raids so far. Have been living in a tent and eating out of a messkit for over two years. I have the Good Conduct Medal and also a few citations. I am a mechanic with Headquarters Battery of this C. A. (Antiaircraft) Battalion. Perhaps I'll be back home in the near future and if I get up your way, will drop in

and see what the Orderly Room of the Legion's Company Clerk looks like."

FROM a patient in Nichols General Hospital, Louisville, Kentucky, Private Francis J. Haag, comes this amusing sidelight of the war:

"This is a true story. It happened at the Lutheran Service Center in Louisville.

"The neon tubes on the sign in front of this splendid center went haywire—as such tubes do occasionally—and the word *Lutheran* and the *Ser in Service* were blotted out.

"Glaring in bright red neon down on Fourth Street appeared the words: VICE CENTER.

"The Louisville *Times* carried a story about this rather unusual welcome that uniformed newcomers to Louisville received. It created a great laugh. Needless to say the sign was turned off as soon as the mechanical difficulty was discovered!"

THERE are plenty of swell anecdotes and gags going the rounds of the innumerable service publications that come to our desk, but there must also be a lot of true incidents such as the one recited by Private Haag which will bring a welcome smile in these stressful times. How about sending them in for the enjoyment of everyone?

And there must be hundreds of good action snapshots of unusual and amusing and interesting incidents of service which can be explained in brief, snappy accounts, but thus far they are not coming this way. We want such material and will pay for it, if accepted. As for gag cartoons . . . there is such an abundance of contributions of this nature that we cannot begin to accept all of them,



Lt. W. L. Paul, Jr., and his dad—twenty-five years later, at Camp Beale, California. The son is only 6 feet 4 inches in height

unless we intend to turn this department into a comic section.

The services appear to be well supplied with cartoonists, some of whom are doing a bang-up job in preparing animated film strips for training purposes. We introduce a new cartoonist in the person of S/Sergeant Duane Wright of Sheppard Field, Texas, and through him a gag at the expense of the WACS.

Briefly, Wright enlisted on September 23, 1940 as a photographer in the Philippine Detachment, but was shunted to clerical work and is now classified as an artist illustrator, assigned with the 4th Army Air Forces Film Strip Unit, but, says he, "My heart is in the Infantry with one brother now in England, in the twin-engined night-fighter craft piloted by another brother, or in Miami Beach training school with a third brother—all of which are active branches."

He is Missouri-born, had ten years' pre-enlistment experience in art, has a beautiful wife (we saw her picture) from Centralia, Illinois, and is looking forward to a career as a freelance cartoonist after acquiring his honorable discharge.

SORT of hard to shake old connections, so you'll forgive us if now and then we revert to the old Then and Now approach to items in these columns. As long as the "now" part of the item has to do with the present services, we think it will be accepted without too much protest from our younger comrades.

We refer to the two snapshot pictures shown at the top of this page. They were submitted with justifiable pride by Past Commander W. L. Paul,



"He tried to pin something on me yesterday—but I decorated him instead!"



How is the above for a "pin-up boy?" Coast Guardsman Al Brito of New York, "godfather of the Eskimos" while stationed in Greenland

Sr., of John Wesley Post of the Legion, whose home is at 21 Ridgway Avenue, Norwood, Pennsylvania, with this explanation:

"I am enclosing two snapshot prints—one taken in 1918 of my son and me, I then being a 2d lieutenant with the 53d Pioneer Infantry Regiment at Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina, and the other taken at Grass Valley, California, last December when Mrs. Paul and I were visiting the same son, now a 1st lieutenant with the 530th Engineers Light Pontoon Company at Camp Beale. You will note that in each picture, taken twenty-five years apart, the civilian is wearing the Army cap.

"As a PFC in the old Third Regiment, Pennsylvania National Guard, I spent a half-year on the Mexican Border, before we got into the First World War. I won my commission as 2d lieutenant at the 1st Officers Training Camp at Fort Niagara, New York. My son enlisted on December 1, 1942 in the Engineers and was sent to Fort Belvoir, Virginia, for training and graduated from OCS there as 2d lieutenant last June. He has since been promoted to a 1st lieutenancy.

"He was assigned to the 530th Engineers Light Pontoon Company of which the nucleus was composed of officers and non-coms who had worked on the Alaskan Highway. Most of their training has been away from Camp Beale at various lake sites and in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where they really

roughed it and got practical work in bridge-building.

"Don't get the mistaken idea from comparison of the snaps that this old veteran has shrunken in height. I still stand 5 feet 10 inches, but that son of mine towers to 6 feet 4 inches, plus!"

FROM a paragraph we lift from *GI*, The 1259th Engineer Weekly, Camp Pickett, Virginia, we discover that other editors and columnists have their troubles, too:

The staff was a bit offended when told that last week's issue of *GI* smelled. At first we were afraid the literary contents

were being criticized, but one whiff of the ink we used soon convinced us otherwise. The culprit who poured sheep-dip into the can marked Mimeograph Ink is still at large, and any information leading to his apprehension will be appreciated.

WHAT would this war be to the G. I.'s without the pin-up girls, supplied in copious measure, who evidently decorate every available wall—from that of a grass shack in the South Pacific to one of a Quonset hut in Greenland?

Thus far we haven't heard of any "pin-up boys" for the thousands of girls who are regularly enlisted in the various services and are wearing the uniform—so we thought we'd present one. Notwithstanding the trick fur cap and the heavy hirsute adornment of the lower part of his face, the coast guard insignia indicates he is a regular member of our Armed Forces and a most important branch.

And the Coast Guard is mighty proud of this man, as witness what it

has to say on its official photograph of him:

Coast Guardsman Al Brito of New York knows all about Eskimos. A veteran of 22 months in Greenland, the chief machinist mate is known as the "Godfather of the Eskimos." Brito acted as advisor, doctor and friend to the natives around the base.

Brito was attached to a Rescue Detail of the Coast Guard Base and participated in many thrilling rescues of airmen downed on ice caps by the treacherous Arctic storms.

SOMEBODY else said it first but we still like the crack about "The Paper Doll" having an old bag for a mother.

—*The Forty-Fiver*

Official publication of the 45th Bn., Seabees, in the Southwest Pacific.

RANDOM notes a war correspondent, Legionnaire Fred B. Barton, jotted down during his ramblings around American sectors on the far side of the Atlantic:

DONALD M. KOSTEFF, flight officer of U. S. Air Service Command, who fought in England with the R. A. F., has 4 swastikas, 1 barrage balloon and 1 duck painted on his locker, signifying various achievements while on bombing missions.

Three of the Nazi fighter planes were brought down in raids out of England; the fourth in North Africa. The barrage balloon likewise was bagged while flying out of England.

The duck he bagged on his own. That was the day he went duck-hunting in Egypt, with a jeep.

IT was Nurse "Peggy" Clayton who asked the \$64 question when she and some others stationed at her base hospital visited Luxor. Seeing a sizable statue of some husky Rameses, the head lying flat with one ear badly eroded, she asked "Where is the external auditory canal?"

"What?" asked the guide. Then, doing (Continued on page 67)





FOR MY GUESTS
IT'S
CHESTERFIELD

Watch the change to **Chesterfield**

You'll like them...your friends will too...for their real mildness and better taste. The right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos makes the difference. You can't buy a better cigarette.

"Victory Garden"—2 words that mean war aid



2 words that mean smooth whiskey — "Walker's DeLuxe"



Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



A Moroccan Division soldier operates a U. S. manufactured switchboard, in the Colli area

With the French on the Italian Front

HIS body hunched behind a protective boulder, the little French major lowered his field glasses for a few seconds to follow our approach to his vantage point on the slippery knoll. Mustering an engaging smile as we came within speaking distance, he asked our pardon in near-perfect English, and then resumed his painstaking scrutiny of the mist-shrouded slope across the wooded valley.

Several long minutes later he turned to explain that for the last hour he had been witnessing the agonizingly slow progress of a handful of men whose particular mission it was to lay a telephone line up that very nearly perpendicular ridge.

"There is to be an attack just before the daybreak," he said. "The general wants communication to that point on the mountain and he wants it to be working when the troops gain the initial objective. It isn't easy for them, but they are making gains. Here . . . see if you can pick them up."

Through the binoculars a party of



A couple of Colonials test a field line in the rugged country below Rome

six men suddenly became visible. Fanned out in a narrow, uneven arc in advance of the main group were an additional four soldiers, each carrying a sub-machine gun. Two of the original six tugged and pulled at a doll-like contraption to which was affixed a reel of wire. The remainder of the team worked rearward individually, their movements almost made mechanical by the distance.

With monotonous regularity a geyser of earth, rock and debris spouted skyward and with each blast, the figures would momentarily freeze in position. The major continued his explanation:

"That's mortar fire from the heights above. The Boche has been giving us plenty of trouble. Of the men who first went out this morning, five have been brought back—two dead and the others seriously wounded."

Fifteen hours later it was all over. The heights were in Allied hands. That metallic strand that had so tediously been laced up the slope to less than 100 yards from the most advanced enemy outposts proved its worth almost beyond comprehension for it made control and coordination possible at a time when it was vitally essential.

The French force had only been committed to action a short time when this incident occurred in the vicinity of shell-ravaged Agnone, but the surprising story that was unfolded in a suburban section still under artillery fire the following day is one that in some small measure makes the tenacity of purpose of the French Army today understandable.

Here, in the words of the energetic, pint-size major, is the story of the comeback of French military signal communication, as it was related to me barely 2000 yards to the rear of the main line of resistance on the Italian fighting front:

"You must understand that to all outward appearances the official military

At our side in Italy. .

Fighting Frenchmen

By **EDWIN E. DOWELL**

The comradeship of 1918 is being renewed in the operations on the Peninsula, where soldiers of La République have started on the march that will end only when the Nazis have been expelled from every square foot of French territory

communication system of the Republic died on June 25, 1940. This, the date the armistice treaty with Germany and Italy became effective, was the blackest of all days in the long, colorful history of France.

"For the first time since that day it is now possible to reveal how, through the ingenious, unflagging efforts of a select handful of officials and hundreds of youthful volunteer patriots—women as well as men—the system continued to function flawlessly without detection through the period when French possessions in North Africa were under the control of Axis armistice commissions until after the Allied invasion of November 8, 1942. A secret program with but one aim, training, was initiated and continued despite almost impossible odds. The training was designed to perfect civilian soldiers to a high degree of efficiency in radio and wire communication against the day when the war would be carried back onto the continent, through

(Continued on page 58)



Adjutant Clamou stamps a message to be delivered by Hamou Ben Ali



"Fighting Bob" had the searchlights turned on Old Glory so there would be no alibi if a bomb should hit his ship

When Sam Got Tough

By HARRY VAN DEMARK

ON JULY 2, 1853, the American sloop-of-war *St. Louis* was lying in the harbor of Smyrna, Turkey. It was commanded by Duncan Nathaniel Ingraham, a man who had never heard that Americans who go to a foreign country get beyond the protection of the United States.

And there was an American in Smyrna—yet he was not quite an American. He was a Hungarian who had come to the United States and had here declared his "intention" of becoming an American citizen. His name was Martin Koszta. He was wanted by the Austro-Hungarian government for having taken part (before coming to the United States) in the patriotic Hungarian rebellion of 1848.

In the harbor of Smyrna there was

also an Austrian war vessel. She was a brig and her name was the *Huszar*.

Koszta was waylaid in Smyrna by hired thugs and thrown into the harbor, and there seized by sailors from the *Huszar* who took him aboard their vessel and confined him in the hold.

The next move in the diplomatic game was clearly Ingraham's. The American commander, like most of our naval officers before the Civil War, played the diplomatic game in foreign parts with great finesse.

He sent a note to the commander of the *Huszar*. Such a soothing note! It said that unless Koszta was put back on land, a free man, by four o'clock, the *St. Louis* would go to the *Huszar* and get him.

No reply having been received by four,

Illustrated by GRATTON CONDON

Ingraham ranged his ship alongside the Austrian vessel, her decks stripped for action, her gunners ready and rarin' to go. The Austrian commander hauled Koszta out of the hold and put him ashore without further ado.

Koszta returned to the United States to complete his citizenship and Congress presented Ingraham with a sword.

The other method would have been to let the *Huszar* take Koszta back to the Austrian port of Trieste and there stand him before a firing squad, then have a joint international high commission tell his children—or his grandchildren—whether he should have been killed or not. Our so-called pacifist ancestors followed the Ingraham methods with

extraordinary frequency.

Three years after the Koszta incident, on November 16, 1856, the American sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* was lying peacefully in the harbor of Canton, China. There were eight forts on shore—real forts, with walls eight feet thick and manned by 5000 Chinese troops.

One of these forts fired a shot at the *Portsmouth*. The American commander, Andrew Hull Foote, was said to be a meek man. But he dumped his blue-jackets and marines out into shallow water, waded them ashore, marched them around through the knee-deep mud of the rice fields, to the rear of the forts, attacked them, and six days later had captured them all, undermined them and blown them up. No Chinese seaside forts ever again bombarded unoffending American ships.

We used to pay tribute to the pirates of the Barbary Coast on the south side of the Mediterranean. Our histories often suppress that fact. But the fact remains—we *paid tribute!* Congress would make an appropriation and an American vessel would take it, either in cash or "naval stores," across the Atlantic and through the Straits of Gibraltar, to the pirate chiefs who were shedding the blood of the merchant sailors of virtually the entire world.

Not liking the term "tribute," we called it "consular presents." Presents made to the chieftain when he was good enough to receive a consul from us to complain to him about the miseries of our sailors behind his prison walls.

Practically every European nation was meek enough to keep on doing this. Our ancestors were not so meek.

In 1804 and 1805 they converted the Pasha of Tripoli to a better life by holding up before him a set of higher ideals. These ideals were two in number.

The first concerned William Eaton,* who was sent to Alexandria, Egypt, and who made his way to the interior and there collected an "army" of some 4000 ruffians of all nationalities, picking up also an exiled male relative of the Pasha of Tripoli, who thought he would like to be Pasha. Eaton then started westward across desert sands, for the port of Tripoli, with the Pasha's male relative riding on a camel in the midst of a body-guard of ninety Arabians, while ten Americans herded the "army" and spurred it forward. They won through after the most trying difficulties.

Our ancestors were also humorists, you see.

The second ideal was Commodore Barron and his successor, Commodore Rodgers, who blockaded the port of Tripoli, and so, by preventing the Pasha

Your Uncle is usually pretty longsuffering, as witness the *Panay* incident. Here are a few occasions when he said he was ready to shoot, and so didn't have to

from sending his pirates out to sea, cut off his pocket money.

In May, 1805, the Pasha capitulated. For the first time in the history of the piratical Barbary Coast a Barbary government signed a treaty of peace on board a foreign warship, and one of the prime stipulations of that treaty was—"no tribute!"

We handed similar ideals to the Sultan of Morocco and to the Bey of Tunis—and finally, just to make the job one hundred percent complete—to the Dey of Algiers. This Dey was strong for diplomacy. Having killed or imprisoned a large number of peaceful American merchant sailors, he wanted to talk things over in a "reasonable" way.

Commodore Stephen Decatur was Uncle Sam's representative in the Mediterranean on this occasion. Would the commodore give him a truce of a month or so? The commodore would not. A couple of weeks? No! Three hours? Let reason rule—just three hours!

"Not one minute!" was Commodore Decatur's ultimatum.

And the Dey signed a treaty which not only barred him from collecting any more tribute from us, but actually—to the astonishment of the whole of Europe—compelled him to compensate American sailors for the losses he had inflicted upon them.

SO there was peace thereafter—a real peace, not a "peace" of continuous burnings and sinkings and kidnappings—along the whole Barbary Coast. And the esteem and respect in which we were held may be judged by the first paragraph of the letter which the Dey of Algiers sent to the President of the United States:

To His Majesty, the Emperor of America and its adjacent and dependent provinces and coasts—our noble friend—the support of the kings of the nations of Jesus—the pillar of all Christian sovereigns—the most glorious among the princes—elected among many lords and nobles—the happy, the amiable, the great James Madison.

What is perhaps the most extreme case of the protection of Americans abroad came in 1861. The scene of the incident was Egypt. This was only eight years after the Koszta affair in nearby Smyrna. And the Barbary Coast incidents

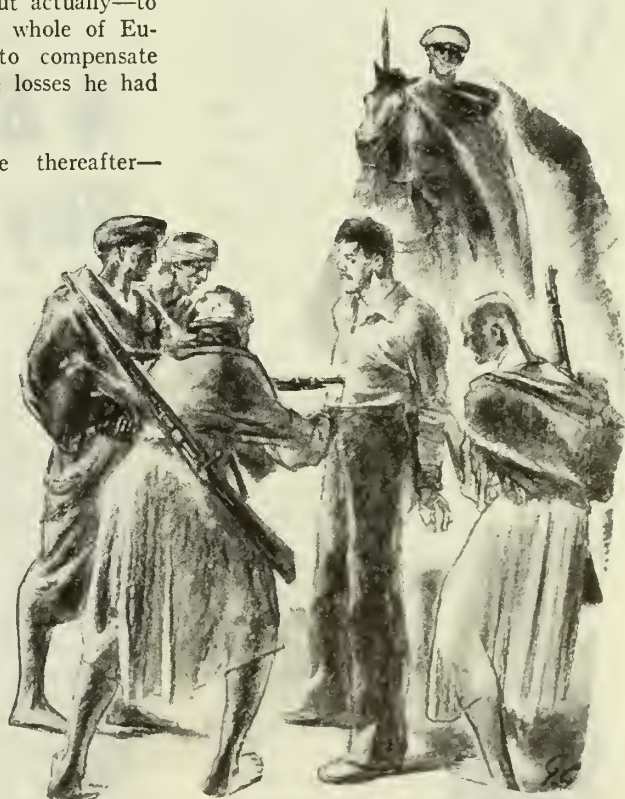
were still remembered along the shores of the Mediterranean.

There lived in Egypt a Syrian named Faris. He was a Christian and he distributed Bibles. He lived far from the seacoast at Osiut. The Mohammedan authorities of the city were displeased with him because of his activities on behalf of the Christian religion. And they tied him to a footrack and tortured him till he fainted in his blood, and then attached him to a prison-post with an iron chain.

Faris was not an American—not even, like Koszta, a near-American. He was only a native assistant to American missionaries.

Our consul-general at Alexandria was W. S. Thayer, who went to the Egyptian minister of foreign affairs and said that while Faris was not an American, this was a case to be settled, "not by diplomatic technicalities, but on its substantial merits and the principles of justice and common sense." Would the Minister of Foreign Affairs please act?

A few days later Thayer was notified that action had been taken. Certain of
(Continued on page 65)



Perdicaris as a prisoner of the bandit Raisuli became an embarrassing and costly "incident" to the Sultan of Morocco. But the ringing demand of Theodore Roosevelt would not brook refusal

* See *The Consul's Mob*, American Legion Magazine, May, 1940.



Turner-Brandon Post of Clearwater, Florida, helped clear the Fourth Loan quota, then celebrated by burning Hitler and Hirohito

WANT to buy a Liberty Ship? No? Then maybe you can be interested in a bomber, a fighter plane, a dozen or so of jeeps, a tank or a big gun? What about helping a little toward a slight cash payment to the men and women who are fighting the war? A War Bond will do the trick, any denomination, but the bigger the better.

Every Bond sold brings us that much nearer to victory; shortens the days of absence of the millions enrolled in the uniformed combat forces, and helps to make things easier when we settle down to postwar reconstruction. Any Bonds today?

Billions and billions of dollars have been eaten up in the prosecution of the

current global war and more billions will be needed before the axis gangsters are beaten to their knees and forced to an unconditional surrender. The American Legion, from the posts on up and through its affiliated organizations, has been on the front line of home defense in the Bond sale campaigns



A Bond to Buy Today

since the first appeal by the Federal Treasury. It continues on the line and can be counted on as one of Uncle Sam's steady customers for purchase of Bonds, as well as putting on general public sales campaigns.

Uncle Sam's war chest has been strengthened by some billions of dollars through Legion effort since the attack on Pearl Harbor, through these sales. But what of the organization itself? Has it proved its faith by its works? Have the Posts generally supported the Bond sales with their own funds?

The answer is yes. An emphatic yes.

Some months ago, when Past National Commander Daniel J. Doherty was moved up from his place in the Bond sale organization in his home state of Massachusetts to an important seat in the War Finance Division of the Treasury Department at Washington, he asked

about the Legion's own financial contribution toward winning the war. His query resulted in a nation-wide survey conducted by the Legion's National War Bond Committee, chairmaned by Past National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., through the National Americanism Division.

That survey has not been completed, but the returns from the first 3650 of the 11,678 Posts within the continental confines of the United States, taken as a whole and not by selection, gives a true indication of the Post holdings. These 3650 Posts reported an investment in War Bonds of \$12,037,900—and that is no inconsiderable sum. Added to this known investment, there is \$2,437,347.40 invested by the forty-nine Departments and by National Headquarters, and, to carry the figures a bit further, these 3650 units estimated that their members owned, as individual holdings exclusive of corporate or other interests, a total of \$367,127,000.

By projection of these figures submitted by the first 3650 Posts to report, the grand total of Legion and individual Legionnaire holding of War Bonds at about the first of April would be \$1,207,551,516.00 That dizzy total exceeded the estimate made by Past National Com-

mander Doherty by some \$35,000.000.

It must be kept in mind that the more than a billion dollars invested in these funds does not include the Bonds sold by the Legion and through Legion efforts. No score has been kept, but it would be interesting to know just what has been accomplished.

We do know that special campaigns put on in all sections of the country have paid for Liberty Ships, submarines, bombers and fighter planes and dozens of other special items. By far the largest part of the Legion's contribution has gone into the general fund for the general war expenditure, without earmarking for a special purpose.

Many Posts have found that their sales campaigns, once got under way, have a habit of doubling the quota. For instance, Major John W. Mark Post of Jamaica, Long Island, New York, decided to sell Bonds enough to buy a fighter plane. A committee of twenty, under Vice Commander William L. Bennett, was named and plans for the campaign were worked out. The campaign started with a \$10,000 subscription from Commander Walter J. Sharkey and after the first couple of days the committee decided to raise its sights. The new goal was a hospital plane. Every member was solicited to subscribe, and the public was reached by means of a parade and a general rally at the Valencia Theater. At the end of the rally when the tally was made it was found that the sales had mounted to a sum sufficient to buy two hospital planes. Both will bear the name of the Jamaica Post.

Auctions to promote Bond sales, the auctioneer working in the good old tobacco auction technique, are a popular device to speed up sales. Turner-Br-



Sergeant Leonard Foulk, blinded at Attu, must depend on his faithful dog from this time on

don Post of Clearwater, Florida, turned to the auction game to clear the \$600,000 quota in the Fourth War Loan Drive. There, as has been the experience of many other Posts, a few hundred dollars worth of contributed articles have been made to yield thousands in the purchase of War Bonds.

At Clearwater, the Legionnaires put on a carnival feature in addition to the auction, netting other thousands. When the quota was reached, Hitler and Hirohito, who had been displayed prominently during the sale, were incinerated—the flame was touched off by Legionnaire Mayor George Seavy.

At Hershey, Pennsylvania, a volleyball team made up of members of Hershey Post staged a War Bond rally game with the State Police Barracks team—playing

to a gate of \$1,000,070.25. The million dollars represented War Bonds sold to the Hershey Chocolate Corporation and citizens and the \$70.25 the actual gate receipts at a 25-cent War Stamp for each person. It was a memorable occasion; the Legion players were, left to right in the picture on this page, Doug Henry and J. W. Seitzinger, Jr., both War II veterans; Thomas F. Martin, O. E. Bordner, O. B. Keck, E. B. Lewis, S. F. Hinkle, P. G. Shultz, commander, and N. Z. Stahle, adjutant.

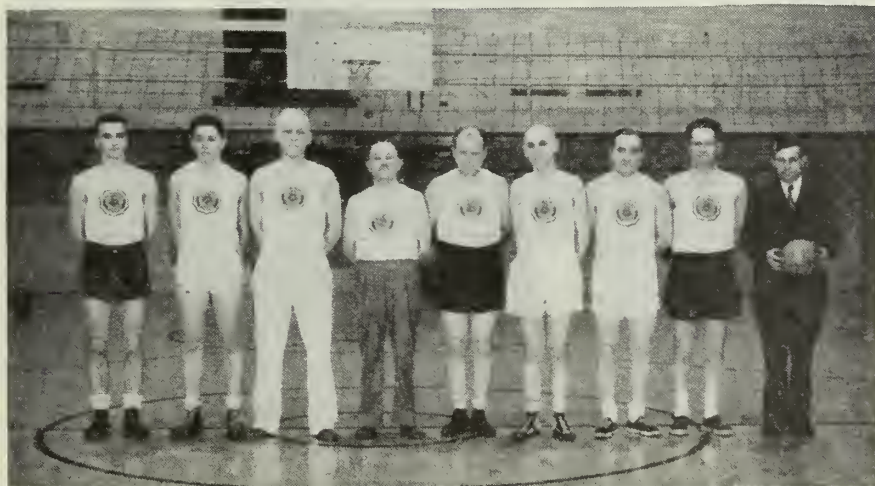
Thus it goes, from coast to coast. Legionnaires find some means to stimulate sales in their own communities and in statewide campaigns. More money will be needed; more Bonds must be sold.

Uncle Sam's War Bond is the bond to buy today.

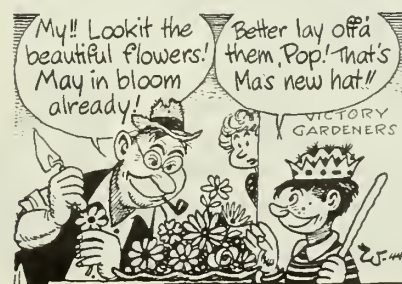
Seeing Eye

THERE'S a heart-tug in the picture of Sergeant Leonard Foulk and his guide dog, which, from here on out, must be his constant companion. Sergeant Foulk, who had enlisted in February, 1941, was totally blinded by a bullet at the battle of Attu, in Alaska, on May 28, 1943.

Removed to Letterman General Hospital at San Francisco for treatment, he was honorably discharged on August 10, 1943, but no compensation or funds for actual living expenses were provided. His civilian clothes were purchased with money secured by a loan from relatives, and it was not until after the first of 1944, after National Commander Warren H. Atherton had opened his campaign to bring an end to neglect of war-disabled, that his case was adjudicated. In the meantime Guide Dogs for the Blind, Inc., had taken the blinded hero to its establishment at Los Gatos, California, and trained him to use guide dogs—for men have to be trained as well as the dogs—then sold him his dog for \$1. This faithful companion has strengthened the resolve of the blinded hero that, despite the handicap, he will be able to return to some useful work guided by the faithful and intelligent animal friend, whose training cost \$1,500, made available to him by the institution.



Hershey (Pennsylvania) Post's volleyball team played a War Bond rally game to a million-dollar gate—a million in Bonds and \$70 in Stamps





Atoka, Oklahoma, sent Co. B, 180th Infantry, 45th Division, overseas—the boys sent back a captured German flag for display at the memorial service for the men who fell

Nazi Flag Displayed

ATOKA (Oklahoma) Post and Auxiliary Unit, coöperating with the Ministerial Alliance and civic clubs, held a community memorial service for the nineteen Atoka County men who have made the supreme sacrifice in the current war. The service was held in the high school auditorium, presided over by Past Department Commander W. F. Rogers, Jr., who was called to the chair by W. W. Cotton, Atoka Post Commander. The principal speaker was Governor Robert S. Kerr, a Past Department Commander of the Oklahoma Department.

Displayed at the service was a Nazi flag captured in Sicily by a patrol of Atoka's own Company B, 180th Infantry, 45th Division, and brought to the service by two Atoka sergeants, Bill Goforth and Rodney Graham. The flag was on loan from Mrs. J. O. Smith of Okemah, wife of the commanding officer of Company B. The flag bore the names of twenty-seven Atoka men, inscribed before it left Sicily.

There were eleven Atoka men in the patrol, which captured twelve Germans, their flag and a half-track, slightly out of commission. Repairing the half-track, men of the patrol brought it safely through the mine fields to the American lines. Sergeant Goforth, who was with the company when the action took place, told the story; Sergeant Graham, wounded and captured at the landing in North Africa, was one of the first fourteen American soldiers exchanged.

Memorial Service

ON May 30th all Legion Posts will observe Memorial Day with solemn services and with garlands for the

graves of the hero dead. This year there will be many new graves, row upon row, to be decorated and cared for, and poignant memories of young men who were with us just a short while ago.

A great number of Posts have established the custom of holding special memorial services for the young men and women of their communities who have fallen in the present war, reserving May 30th for a general observance.

"Philip Wade Post of Brighton has set up a form of procedure for a memorial service for men and women who lose their lives in their country's service in this war," writes Department Adjutant

M. L. Lyckholm of Denver, Colorado, "and it might well serve as a model for other Posts.

"About thirty days after receiving notice that a local man has fallen, the Post's Memorial Committee calls upon the family and explains the memorial service plan. If the family desires such a service, a date is agreed upon, usually a Sunday afternoon. The family or nearest of kin is requested to express choice as to the minister or principal speaker, and other information is gathered for the preparation of a memorial record for presentation to the family.

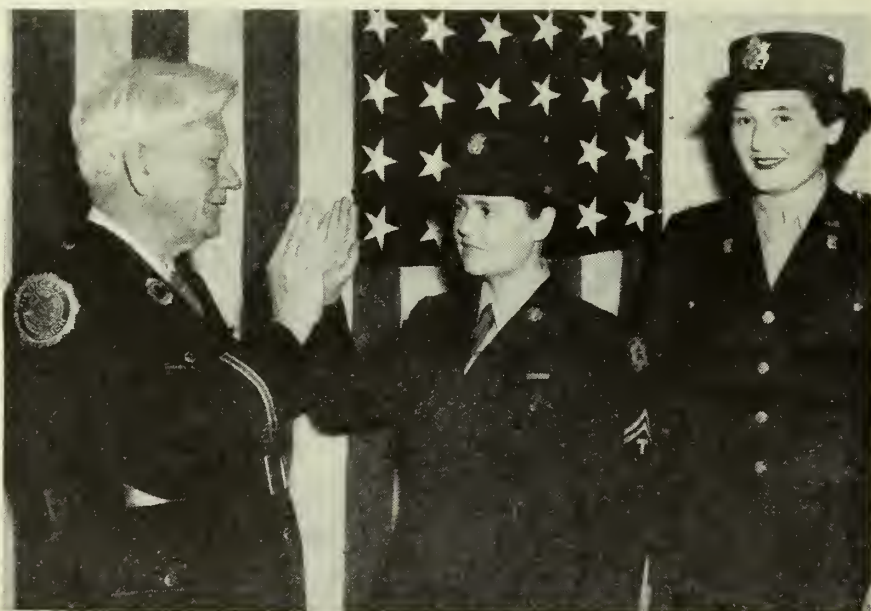
"The clergymen of the city are requested to make an announcement of the memorial at their Sunday morning services. In addition to this, the local newspapers are asked to publish an announcement on Friday.

"At Brighton it was found that the funeral chapel under the direction of Legionnaire Lyle G. Rice fitted admirably into the plans, and when the special



services are held great care is given to the chapel setting. At the front, directly in the center, banked with flowers and spot-lighted, is placed an enlarged picture of the man for whom the service is held. The family and nearest friends

(Continued on page 64)



Commander Horace H. Shelton of Travis Post, Austin, Texas, gives the obligation to two new members—Miss Alline B. Collins (center), discharged from the WAC, and Mrs. Eula Williams, (right), who was discharged from the SPARS last January 8th



Watch Those Metals!

By ORLANDO ALOYSIUS BATTISTA

SCIENCE, with all the rigor and reliability of its method of analysis, tells us clearly that an inadequate or misdirected control of the metals and minerals of the world has invariably provided aggressors with the means to carry on wars. Without a certain few metals and minerals modern wars could never develop beyond the blueprint stage, and a peace which is not, literally, built upon the firm foundation of *metals* will be short lived.

It is apparent, especially when we examine the staggering numbers of mechanical weapons of destruction that have become necessary to outmatch the strength of our treacherous enemies, that World War II erupted only because the Axis powers had been given the freedom and the opportunity to grab as much of the *matériel* of war as they wanted in the years prior to 1939. The length and over-all destruction of World War II is not to be measured primarily by the stamina of our enemies, but rather by the economy and ingenuity with

When victory comes the United Nations must maintain a rigid control of the world's metals, even those in a form much finer than talc, to make certain would-be aggressors are stopped in their tracks

which they use up the inestimable stores of critical metals which they hoarded with our approval and all too-gracious coöperation!

Guns, airplanes, battleships, submarines, tanks, trucks, bullets, and bayonets are all vital organs of the monstrous machine of war. The substances out of which they are all made are rapidly-wasting assets of any country at war, and without an abundance of these devastating implements vast armies become paper soldiers, to be sacrificed before an insatiable juggernaut.

Previously, man has been forced to

Drawings by CARL PFEUFER

obtain the metals and minerals which he has required in peace and war from the resources which nature has made available to him as a result of geological processes requiring many hundreds of thousands of years. No fertilizer or catalyst has ever been found to replenish an exhausted mine, and wars conducted on the colossal scale of our twentieth century holocausts will soon deplete the known mineral stocks of the world.

The key to an extended peace at the end of World War II will be, first and foremost, the permanent establishment of an international directorate under the sponsorship of the United Nations to maintain an inventory and scrupulous control of the war *matériel* resources of the world—plus a bonafide system of allocating metals to the various nations.

We must not, however, limit our perspective to the metals as we ordinarily think of them being poured from the

(Continued on page 36)



HELL ON THE LOOSE

(Continued from page 11)

close-in, but not too close, to the wall, well to the side of one of the embrasures, and just barely out of range of the Japs' extreme angle of fire. The flame-throwers could now kneel or stand, relatively unexposed.

Valves were quickly released, the gun readied. Then from its muzzle a rod-like flame shot out. With terrific impact it struck the inner face of the embrasure and, like a caroming billiard ball, bounded inside the blockhouse. The M1A1 was firing around a corner—literally making almost a right angle.

It was all over in a few seconds. Some of the Japs inside blew out their brains. Others ran out, their uniforms ablaze and the cartridges popping like fire-crackers from their cartridge belts. A few who ran out armed were given a quick spurt from the gun. They were incinerated in their tracks, as when an insect hits an open flame.

The M1A1 is a double-threat weapon. It is the first flame gun in the world to fire thickened fuel, igniting and projecting it with great force against its objective. However, it can also fire all-liquid fuel as did its immediate predecessor, the M1.

The effects produced by the two fuels are profoundly different and each has its own specific tactical uses.

All-liquid fuel issues from the gun in voluminous, rolling billows of flame and smoke. When it has traveled 50 or 60 feet, the fuel, widely diffused and mixed with air, is all consumed and the flame dies.

The thickened fuel, on the other hand, emerges in a solid, rod-like stream. It describes a flat trajectory, seen at night as clean cut as the path of a tracer bullet. The surface of the stream, ignited at the muzzle, is furiously ablaze. The interior core of fuel is not; it is consumed only progressively as the stream shoots toward the target. At its effective range a residual core of thick and sticky, yet-unburned but ignited fuel strikes the objective with great force. As it rebounds and disperses, it adheres like fish glue to whatever it touches and burns there until finally consumed—perhaps for several minutes. It can be directed with astonishing accuracy into even small apertures despite the fact that the gun does not carry sights and is fired from the hip, Western style.

For mopping up open dugouts, shell craters, foxholes, and machine-gun nests, the liquid fuel with its diffuse, smoke-laden flame is still preferred. It will lap and curl downward over defense parapets and spread with fierce heat in all directions. Extensive tests show that no corner of a dugout, room, or emplacement will afford escape from it. Also, it can be made to roll into open doors,

windows, and large portholes, the gunner remaining out of direct enemy range. It can be used as a screen for demolition squads following closely in its wake to plant their charges.

This liquid-fuel flame, however, has marked limitations—its relatively short range which requires the gunner to approach very close to the enemy before firing, the short life of the flame, and the difficulty, in any wind, of controlling its accuracy. Also the flame and smoke, visible for miles by day or night, almost immediately draws all of the enemy fire in the sector.

But the Marine's pin-up weapon for assault work is the M1A1 loaded with thickened fuel. They say, too, that it is safer for our side. Its four-times-greater reach, its lower visibility on the landscape, and its much greater resistance to wind deflection all add up to increased protection for the assaulting troops.

The flame thrower is a weapon particularly adapted to offensive operations against stationary strongholds. The Germans used it in their spectacularly swift reduction of the Belgian fortress of Eben Emael, their flame bearers advancing to the portholes under cover of smoke shells.

When the Japs swept southward in the Pacific, they carried flame throwers with them to reduce hostile fortifications but so rapid was the evacuation of the defenders before the Japanese onrush that the Japs didn't have much chance to use them. Two Jap flame-throwers were captured by our Marines at Guadalcanal and others have been found at other points; it is suspected that they were of German manufacture.

Fuel for the M1A1 is carried in two

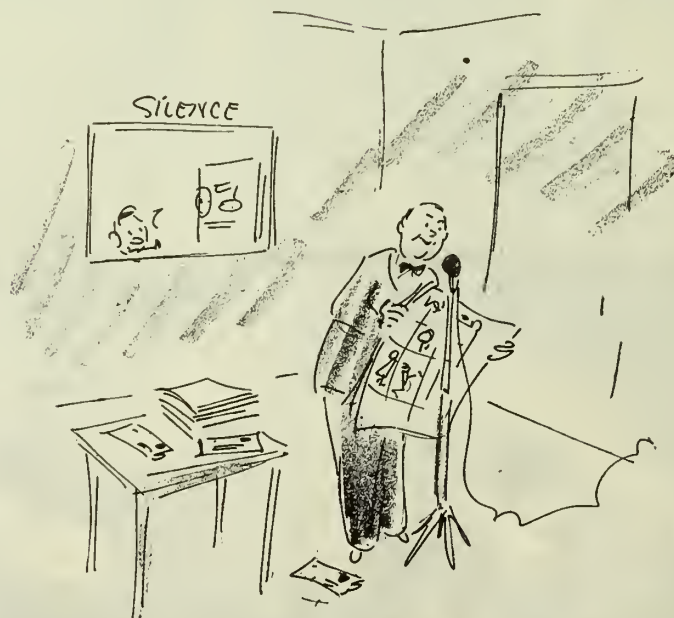
cylinder-like tanks firmly buckled to the thrower's back, well up between the shoulder blades. Braced between these two is a third cylinder of compressed air. This air, released gradually into the fuel tanks through an automatic regulator, projects the fuel violently from the gun.

The fuel tanks, incidentally, cannot be refilled in action—the operation is too dangerous. They are loaded in the rear areas where elaborate safety precautions are observed. When a flame-thrower's fuel is spent, and its duration of fire is very brief, another loaded thrower is brought up as replacement. The gun is generally fired in a series of two-second bursts; a sustained burst would last only 15 seconds.

The flame gun is about 42-inches long and weighs eight pounds, bringing the total weight of the equipment to 68 pounds. At its muzzle end is a burner. Hydrogen gas is fed into this burner from a fourth and much smaller cylinder affixed to the underside of the gun barrel. The hydrogen is electrically ignited in the burner and acts as a pilot flame very similar to the one on your gas range.

The gunner fires by pressing a trigger plate on the top of the barrel at about its middle. He uses the heel of his left hand, gripping the butt of the gun with his right at about hip height. The barrel is bent slightly downward toward the far end to facilitate aiming.

Flame-throwers are carefully picked men. They must be technically trained in order to operate the complex weapon which they also must service. Physically, they must be husky enough to handle the heavy equipment with ease. And



"And now a message to Private J. L. Peters in a foxhole."

they must have a commando dash and temperament, for their job is one of the most dangerous in the catalogue of warfare.

The dangers are many. The back-borne cylinders present a tell-tale silhouette to the enemy, making him a man to be stopped at any and all cost. In his necessarily slow approach to the objective, he is in the gravest peril. While rifle fire from the enemy fortification may be temporarily stilled by his own supporting fire, hand grenades can always be hurled from a porthole even while a rain of bullets is pouring in.

Many proposals have been advanced for providing the carrier with some personal protection. Asbestos clothing and a 24-pound suit of armor have been considered and rejected. His speed and agility during attack still are considered his best protection and cumbersome clothing or an added burden of weight, it is believed, would be of greater hindrance than help.

The Germans introduced a flame-thrower in the first World War, and the Allies soon countered with one of their own. However, nothing much came of it and only a few of the weapons ever

entered action. With a maximum range of 50 feet, they were not suited to the trench warfare of that day. It proved too costly to bring the weapons into such short firing range across wide stretches of no man's land swept by gun-fire.

But the individual pill-box defense-in-depth which the Nazis introduced is another tactical story and the M1A1 may be the long-sought answer as to how that defense can be reduced at a minimum of cost. Whether our new weapon will be found at the front in the coming assault on Europe is not known and could not be reported if it were.

CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

(Continued from page 21)

packages in or out of the factory without special authorization. He had told Mrs. Adamkrek to wear her smock and apron to work, leaving her bag at home, but she saw no reason to change her habits.

"Let's take a look at the bag," the sergeant ordered in a weary tone of voice.

Most of the third-shift workers were already inside the plant and Wilson took his time at examining the shopping bag. He did this nearly every night in the hope that his deliberate scrutiny of the bag would discourage its owner from bringing it.

The sergeant poked his flashlight into the roomy bag. He saw a clean and neatly-folded smock, a white apron and a pair of shoes that had received much wear. Sticking out of one of the shoes he noticed part of an envelope that was crumpled at the edge. Two sandwiches and a large apple were wrapped in waxed paper.

"O. K., go on," the sergeant said.

Mrs. Adamkrek gripped the handles of her shopping bag, looked timidly at the guard, and shuddered momentarily as the overhead light shone sharply on his shiny black revolver and bullet-studded belt.

Sergeant Wilson in a few minutes was through with his "checking in" duties. He called, in rapid order, the guards at the other guardhouses to report that Plant 2 gate was closed. He ordered two of his men on fence patrol duty and then sat down at his desk.

He took out a notebook and began reviewing the many notes that he had taken in the plant-protection class. He read a couple of lines, including an underscored one that said, "You Can't Be Too Careful!" Abruptly, he shut the notebook. He turned to Patrolman Edward Lustig, who shared the guardhouse with the sergeant after the gate was closed for the night.

"Lustig," said Wilson, "I am a dumb cop. I am dumber than hell. That foreigner, Mrs. Adamkrek—that mop-

pushing greenhorn—walked into the plant a little while ago carrying an envelope or letter in her damn bag. It just struck me that a woman that can hardly talk English don't get any fan mail and I'm going to find out once and



"Shall I close 'Yours truly' or just 'Yours'?"

for all why the devil she's always carrying that bag into the plant."

"Maybe the old lady has been appointed to the WAC," Lustig laughed. "Or could be somebody is writing love letters to her. If you talk to her, see if you can fix me up with a date, will you, Sarge?"

**BUY
WAR
BONDS**

"Shut up," Wilson snapped. "It's dopes like you that make it easy for saboteurs to operate. I've got an idea that her 'nospik English' gag is just a cover-up for that dame. After all, she hasn't been around here long and she's in a spot where she can get at plenty of important papers in those offices that she's supposed to clean up."

Wilson walked swiftly to the nearby office building and found Mrs. Adamkrek starting to dump the contents of several wastebaskets into a large burlap sack. The sergeant was brief.

"Lady," he said coldly, "I want to take another look at your shopping bag. Where is it?"

Mrs. Adamkrek straightened up, gave the guard a bewildered look, and said: "Please, you come after me."

She walked to the end of the hall, entered the offices of the personnel department. She picked up the bag from in front of a screen that surrounded a sink and mirror cabinet.

"Here," Mrs. Adamkrek said, as Wilson eagerly clutched the bag.

He was not disappointed. The envelope was still there. It was a telegram envelope. It was addressed to Mrs. Adamkrek at a west side address.

The sergeant fingered the envelope, undecided what to do. Mrs. Adamkrek decided for him.

"Please, you do me big favor," she said. "This come to house tonight before I go on job. I not know how to read so I bring letter here. In morning my lady friend come on job who know my language. She reads letters for me, all time. But now you read for me, yes?"

Sergeant Wilson opened the envelope and read the telegram. It said:

"The Navy Department regrets to inform you that your son, Ernest J. Adamkrek, Jr., gunner first class, has been killed in action. He served with distinction aboard the U. S. S. *Brownstone*, which has been sunk by the enemy. You are asked not to disclose the ship on which he served until an official announcement of this sinking has been made by the Navy Department."

WATCH THOSE METALS!

(Continued from page 33)

furnaces of our gigantic steel and iron mills, or being forged by tremendous rolling machines. In very recent years new techniques have been perfected for the handling of metals which could well proffer to potential enemies the *means*, through powder metallurgy, of circumventing international controls over bulk metals, thus providing a novel basis for the production of weapons of aggression and destruction.

World War II has resulted in our industries, by preference in many cases and by necessity in others, taking powders of metals in a form much finer than talc and transforming them into tough gears, heavy gun mounts, bearings, wheels, and several thousand other structural and machine parts. This process of molding metal and mineral powders has saved millions of man-hours on our production lines, and speeded the output of a considerable proportion of our war necessities. For example, innumerable metal parts for almost every mechanized vehicle or weapon upon which our victory depends were once seemingly useless powders which a light breeze could disperse like flour.

The improved art of powder metallurgy takes advantage of the knowledge that when two or more metals or mineral elements are pulverized to a very fine physical state and then formed into a great variety of shapes under great pressures and heat, the atoms and molecules of which these materials are made exhibit the ability to interlock intimately with each other to produce a composite, serviceable, and extremely durable product. Instead of the lengthy, costly, and wasteful machining operations to which metals are usually subjected, powder metallurgy now allows manufacturers to

mold many of their items very much as some of our plastics are mass-produced. There is no scrap, and each article may be formed with remarkable dimensional accuracy. Powder metallurgy even permits the formation of metal parts, especially machine parts, which could not possibly be produced in any other known way.

Manufacturers of heavy equipment are already selling for war production purposes automatic presses by means of which smaller metal parts may be produced at the rate of more than 4000 per minute. The Chrysler Corporation's Amplex Division devotes itself exclusively to the production of several thousand different parts from powdered metals. Millions of self-lubricating bearings, a wide variety of porous materials for special duty filters, and even typewriter keys whereby an inked ribbon is done away with, have been produced from powdered metals.

Some of the world's most powerful magnets, magnets so strong that a bar of the metal only one inch long will easily lift a 200 pound weight, have been produced by combining aluminum, nickel, cobalt, and iron powders. Tungsten-carbide dies have been used to produce millions of impressions without showing any signs of wear. Fine tungsten filaments for hundreds of millions of light bulbs and electronic tubes, fine and coarse copper screens with the intermeshing wires welded at each point of contact, and a host of other articles are being produced automatically and on a mass production basis through powder metallurgical processes.

Although there have been many new developments in the field of structural materials in recent years, such as the dozens of plastics and featherweight

metal alloys, the basic position of the staple metals has not been seriously challenged or altered. As equipment capable of exerting higher and higher pressures is developed, the possibility of combining the powders of several of the common mineral elements becomes intriguing. There is an almost limitless number of possible combinations and many new alloys will be discovered when some of the different powder mixtures are tried.

And thus powder metallurgy with its great versatility, economy, and adaptability to mass production bids fair to make the mineral resources of the world of even greater importance to the future of civilization.

Nothing which the victorious peacemakers of World War II could do would help to insure the future peace of the world more than a scientific appraisal and rigorous control of the total resources of the world's few ferro-alloys and key strategic minerals. No country in the world is self-sufficient in its requirements of all of these raw materials so that an international directorate could enforce a peacetime blockade to prevent the accumulation of indispensable metals of war by potential aggressors. By allocating the elements from which the weapons of war may be produced to strictly peacetime uses, the demon of total war may be smothered to death. And in making an accurate and complete inventory of nature's metal and mineral riches for this purpose, full consideration should be given to the potentialities of the science of powder metallurgy as a means to manufacture the weapons with which to wage future wars of aggression, a means which might otherwise circumvent the purpose of any peacetime rationing of the bulk metals.

A LETTER HOME

(Continued from page 15)

Clark to patrol due south of Savo, running from a mile off Savo to four miles off Savo, on north and south legs. Two boats under Spike Wright patrol north of Savo between Savo and Sand-fly Passage; they might sneak in that way this time. We'll use the usual calls and codes. Now let's keep off the air until you see them, but for God's sake when you do, give the rest of us the dope! Stay in your own patrol areas until dawn, then rally round Esperance beach to pick up survivors and massacre rice drums.

"Anybody got questions?"

Nobody had, we'd all been there before, and I thought of the absent faces of those who had helped on previous missions. The ranks were getting thinner and thinner.

"Good luck, fellows, keep your heads on your shoulders and we'll all eat breakfast together. I'll take my gang out first, Clark follows, and Wright last. Shove off!"

In the gathering darkness I felt my way across the nested boats until I reached old 145. The news of the size of the attacking force had reached my crew, and they were rather tense as I explained the attack plan and patrol areas. When the senior watch officer's four boats were well clear I shouted across to Jimmie Logan, whose boat was part of the second group:

"Let's go, Jimmie."

We backed out of the nest almost simultaneously, members of the base force and stay-at-homes helping with the lines. Slowly we two turned and

formed a little column threading our way among merchantmen anchored in Tulagi harbor. From the rails of a few came hails of good luck and encouragement. By now the senior watch's boats were out of sight beyond the bulk of Sing Song Islands.

I stepped up our speed. We should be off Savo by 2030 at the latest. If we arrived prior to complete darkness, though, the Nips on *Esperance* would radio our locations to the attacking destroyers. It was getting so the Japs knew approximately where we'd be anyway. There were just a few miles of Japanese beach left, and if the boats were to engage a relieving force they had to be near that area. Back in the first days that PT's had been used in the Solomons it had been fairly simple to sneak up on a

GIVE THEM A BREAK...

when they come home

JOBS...NOT SYMPATHY!



They are coming back from the war in increasing numbers—maimed fighters whose strong bodies helped to shield us from enemy bombs and bullets. Let's not treat them as heroes one day, and forget them the next.

Never mind the sympathy. They don't want it. All they ask is the chance to get a job and make good. Yes, the same opportunity that industry offers today to *any* American worker.

Let there be no discrimination because of their handicaps—no restrictions that will close the door to their full employment. Remember, they got those wounds fighting for us. Industry and the insurance companies must see to it that these men receive the same full measure of protection that is given to servicemen unscarred by battle wounds.

We Pledge Ourselves...

as a member of the Association of Casualty & Surety Executives, a group of American Stock Insurance Companies sponsoring a Nationwide program for placement in industry of physically handicapped war veterans, to see that these heroic servicemen shall *not* be penalized under the laws governing Workmen's Compensation Awards for the scars they carry.

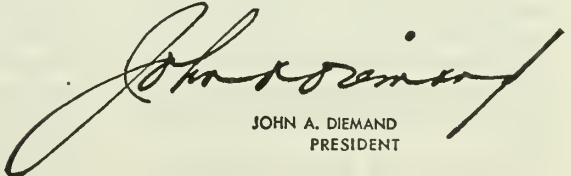
Founded in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in 1792, the Insurance Company of North America has seen our Nation come safely through all of its wars since Washington was President. Today... with the help of patriotic American employers, we will do our part to see our country safely through this public-spirited crusade to *play square* with so many who gave so much that our Nation might live.



**INSURANCE COMPANY OF
NORTH AMERICA
COMPANIES**

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
CENTRAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF BALTIMORE

INDEMNITY INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
NATIONAL SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY



JOHN A. DIEMAND
PRESIDENT

Insurance Company of North America, oldest American Fire and Marine insurance company, and its affiliated Companies, write practically every form of Fire, Marine and Casualty insurance.

Jap ship unnoticed. The enemy hadn't really known what kind of a weapon the PT boat was. Jap gun-fire and search lights hadn't been able to stop us.

Since then, though, at least one boat had been shot up and drifted into Jap hands, so they'd studied it and were now taking heavy toll of PT ranks. Every dark period our cohorts were losing one or two boats and crews from direct hits by the Jap destroyer guns. A shell hit on a PT boat isn't a pleasant thing. It is usually followed by an immense sheet of flame as her gasoline fuel supply goes up. Occasionally there are survivors. There usually isn't even any wreckage. That was one of the things that crossed one's mind at supper.

THE loom of Savo, a darker patch in a world of darkness, broke my musings. Always on the way to combat I found one train of thought after another chasing through my mind. With Savo to starboard I throttled down and cut in our mufflers. At the slower speed the giant white feather of our wake became less and less until it merged with the gently foaming wind ripples. The muted engines were less raucous, but the Jap destroyers would pick us up with their anti-submarine sound gear anyway. PT boats have the damndest propeller beat of anything.

The crew settled down to the long wait. All eyes were straining to cover their lookout sectors. It was almost impossible to see through the black night. This certainly was an ideal time for the Japs to come. Those little stinkers were past masters in the art of using nature to advantage. I kept my binoculars glued to the northwestern horizon, or what I imagined was the horizon. I knew my men were sure to cover their own sectors. They had been sufficiently impressed by the recent loss of one boat whose after lookout had failed to observe an approaching Jap can. In this region of the world your first mistake is your last; the boat had been neatly cut in two.

As on a score of such patrols in the past, I found myself glancing at my watch about every five minutes. A minute seemed an hour on this death wait. As the hands approached eleven P.M., 2300 the way the Navy calls it, every deeper shadow became a rushing, charging Japanese destroyer. It was all a guy could do to keep from jumping out of his skin. A man's imagination at night is the biggest practical joker this side of hell.

Just about now I really ought to be spotting one of those stinkers as it lifted over the horizon. Damn this blackness! Eleven aged to eleven-thirty. Eleven forty-five. Over at Esperance there was a sudden stab of brightness as a searchlight knifed the gloom! Immediately there followed the dull thunder of five-inch fire, interrupted by paragraphs of

sharp fifty-caliber talk. That would be one of the senior watch's boats catching hell! I watched the searchlight's beam; it might be I could spot somebody cutting between here and that brightness; silhouetted, they would be an easy mark.



"My girl sent it. Boy, what a sense of humor!"

The light went out as suddenly as it had come on. Whatever was happening over there wouldn't be known until morning. Esperance was eight miles from our present position.

The radio speaker aroused itself:

"PeeTee Charlie to all Pee Tees. They're here. He saw me first, I nearly got creamed; thank God for Elco smoke!"

It was the senior watch's call and his voice. Well, it couldn't be far off now.

Someone tapped my shoulder. It was Bill Hearn, my executive officer. He was from Seattle.

"Skipper, take a look broad on the stab'd bow. It looks blacker there."

I swung my glasses to the indicated bearing, looking for a more intense darkness or a tell-tale wake feather. My eyes smarted I looked so hard.

Well, I couldn't see anything, and I told him so.

He said he couldn't either. Must have been imagination. Anyway, that's the way it was every few minutes every night you were out there.

I SWUNG the boat slowly to reverse course. We had reached the far end of our northern leg. It was time to head back toward the south and the recently-heard gun fire.

Perhaps ten minutes had gone by on the new course. You still couldn't see your hand in front of your face. The boat began to rock gently. I didn't notice this phenomenon for several seconds. Suddenly realization hit me. The waters off Savo were notoriously calm. The boats hadn't rocked all evening. I figured we must be crossing somebody's wake.

"Did you feel us bob around?" asked Hearn.

"I sure did, we must be near somebody, there aren't any ruts in this road."

"They seemed to lift our stern first,

and travel forward past us. You can't see them, they are too low."

"Right, that could mean somebody's bow wave from a course roughly parallel to ours, but he's travelling faster than we are. There might be a couple of 'em in column."

"Holy Cow! Skipper, there they are—look, quick! Right on the port beam!"

I looked and started spinning the wheel as I did. God! The hugest black shadow I'd ever seen was broadside to me and not over eight hundred yards away. The boat was swinging toward the thing as I estimated his speed. On a lightning-like guess I pressed one torpedo firing key before our swing was half over, and the other firing key when the turn was three quarters completed. The boat steadied momentarily on a course directly through the shadow's center. In another five seconds our bow pointed well past the shadow's stern and we were headed away from the enemy. For the space of three breaths I thought I'd missed both shots. Then with staggering suddenness the night split apart and a column of flame went half a mile into the air!

THAT second fish must have caught her stern magazine," raced through my mind. The Jap destroyer (for that's what it was) had absolutely vanished. She had disintegrated in the space of sixty seconds. There couldn't have been a single survivor. They must all have been cooked at their battle stations.

I stilled the bubbling, jubilant whispers of the crew.

"If there was one here there'll be more!"

I had barely said the words when a blinding glare caught us. We were in a searchlight beam! Somebody slightly abaft our port beam had us pinned down with illumination! I whirled the wheel to starboard and crammed the throttles wide open. At the same instant the first shell arrived. I couldn't see anything, feel anything or hear anything. I knew I was conscious, because things kept ticking in my mind. To myself I kept on muttering, "Maybe this is it! Maybe this is it!" Time seemed to drift by. Nothing mattered. All was quiet.

No, all wasn't quiet! I could feel the vibrations of the boat, I could hear the comforting roar of her Packards. My eyes were open. I thought they'd been open all the time, but somehow they were open for business now, I could see again! I looked around. The boat was running, no one was shooting, it was dark, but where was I? Another second ticked by before I came to the painful conclusion that I was lying jammed in one corner of the cockpit, and my world was bounded on all sides by wooden bulkheads.

With an effort I hauled myself erect. All parts of me seemed to work. I turned to look aft and was amazed to see a billowing cloud of white smoke emanat-

HOW TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE



BOGART



HUMPHREY BOGART PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE

A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

"PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE", starring Humphrey Bogart, is the story of an outcast . . . forgotten by, but not forgetting, the land that banished him . . . and of how jungle and shackles and mutiny could not stop him from going home.

Entertainment? Certainly! For entertainment is our business — a business in which Warner Bros. is a widely-recognized leader.

And that leadership is based on this Company's ability to make one picture satisfy *two* values!

One value is entertainment.

The other is best expressed in a long-standing Warner Bros. policy . . . of producing *films that will help to champion the basic freedoms of democracy.*

You've seen that policy applied — in 'This Is The Army', 'Air Force', 'Princess O'Rourke', 'Destination Tokyo', 'Watch On The Rhine', 'In Our Time', and many other Warner Bros. pictures.

Be sure to see it again — in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE', 'THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN', 'UNCERTAIN GLORY' and other Warner Bros. pictures to come! Then you'll know why the New York Times referred to this Company's "*enviable record for combining good citizenship with good picture-making*".

WARNER BROS.

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

with this remarkable supporting cast:

CLAUDE RAINS • MICHELE MORGAN • PHILIP DORN • SYDNEY GREENSTREET • HELMUT DANTINE • PETER LORRE • GEO. TOBIAS

Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Jack Moffitt • From a Novel by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall • Music by Max Steiner

ing from our own stern. Squinting my eyes, I saw it came from the Elco smoke generator on the fantail. Well, at least we weren't on fire, but how the devil had that thing started up? My faculties were coming closer to normal now, and I realized my nose was bleeding. Carefully I felt my arms, legs, and body. From conversations with wounded men I knew you often didn't know when you were hurt because the injured area was so numbed by the shock.

AS far as I could figure I was now in about the same shape as a kayoed prize-fighter, woozy, nose bleeding, shaken up, but likely to live! I eased back on the throttles until the boat was almost dead in the water. The smoke generator had almost exhausted itself, and was now clearing its lungs of a few last exhalations. They drifted slowly around the boat in the dead atmosphere. A shadowy form detached itself from the deck by the port tube. It was Ring, the torpedoman.

"Say, Skipper, I've been cold as a coon—what's happened?"

"I don't know, Ring, last thing I clearly remember was that light and an explosion. Let's see if anybody is hurt."

PT 145 sat still and curtsied gently, like the lady she was, for perhaps ten minutes while Ring and I made the rounds. By the end of that time, the two of us had become an amazed pair. Every man topside had been knocked unconscious by the explosion, but not a soul had been actually injured. All were bruised, most had nose bleeds, and some few were skinned or cut here and there through collision with a sharp edge.

The most amazing thing of all, besides the fact that everybody was still alive, was the story of our escape from the Jap destroyer that had us crucified in her searchlight. In the dazed second after the light had come on, and before the shell hit, Koboeski, the after turret gunner, had squeezed his fifty caliber firing key and caught the light right at its root.

"Hell," said Ski, "the damned gun was pointed right at the light. I don't even remember squeezing my thumbs, I just saw it come on, I felt the guns jump, the light went out, and then, by God, so did I!"

The other miracle worker had been Gole, relief engineer, who had been on deck when I made our torpedo attack. When the light came on, Gole was sitting on the smoke generator, and simply reached down to twist the knob that would release the cloud of mist. The next thing he remembered was my voice calling him by name, and a very definite ache in the small of his back, which he found was due to being jammed against the very same knob that had saved all our lives.

Rohnson, the engineer on watch below, hadn't realized or known a thing



about the whole affair, but had been peacefully going about his business tending the three thundering Packards in his care.

When we looked the situation over it became clear that the shell had burst either on time fuse or on contact with the water some slight distance ahead of the boat. Her bow was simply riddled with small holes made by the shell segments. Bill Hearn jubilantly held up a thumb-sized piece of steel that had come to rest in his mattress.

"Close, but no cigar!" was the combined comment.

After a general discussion and comparing of notes, I figured the Jap light had been on for perhaps fifteen seconds, and the boat had run by herself for another ten minutes, with her cargo of sleeping beauties. Counting the investigating period that put the whole show about twenty-five minutes ago and it was time we eased over into the rice-drum busting business.

I hoped I wouldn't run into any more ships. We'd used both torpedoes and had nothing left but eight small depth charges. Slowly we swung the 145 back toward Savo Island to resume our patrol station. The ten minutes of uncontrolled cruising she had done on her own had been mostly in the direction of the center of American-held Florida Island.

AT about the same instant two widely separated flashing uproars indicated a renewal of PT versus Jap activities.

Never a dull moment, thinks I, as I watched the distant flashes and muffled blasts of the five-inch fire. My attention was diverted to a heavier and continuous roaring off to the eastward near Lunga Point. The horizon in that direction seemed to be alive with light. It was almost as if a heat lightning storm was in progress except that the flashes

seemed to me to be much brighter.

"Say, I'll bet those two cruisers are laying a few salvos on Henderson Field," offered Hearn.

As if to answer his thoughts the radio opened up.

"Cactus Control to all Pee Tees, Cactus Control to all Pee Tees, Henderson is being shelled by enemy cruisers off Lunga, rally 'round, boys!"

Well, it was to be expected. Cruisers didn't ride with the express just to drop rice drums. They were too valuable. At any rate the cruisers were the prime objective for our gang now. It was far more important to keep Henderson's complexion unpocked so the aircraft patrols could take off on the morrow than to scuttle Joe Hotsuhiri's rice supply. There was just one drawback as far as that 145 was concerned—she'd expended her sting on one Jap destroyer, deceased as of earlier in the evening. With this thought in mind I nursed the boat along at a very moderate speed, wondering what on earth I could do to a Jap cruiser off Lunga Point, or anywhere for that matter.

The firing at Lunga had reached a very crescendo of intensity, and American shore batteries were answering the Japanese cruisers with a few well chosen comments.

I COGITATED on the possibility of a run to a base to reload our empty tubes, but gave up the idea. It would be a two hours' trip in and out, to say nothing of the time taken to load torpedoes, and by then the enemy would be hull down on the homeward run.

The two cruisers were clearly visible now, as several powerful searchlights on and around Lunga had picked them up. I was closer to the fracas than I thought. It wasn't much over five miles to the cruisers. At frequent intervals an American searchlight on the beach would flicker and die as Jap shell fire found it, but its gleam would quickly be replaced by a light in another sector. The enemy was continually bathed in a brilliance that reminded me of Grauman's Chinese on a Hollywood premiere. The marine shore batteries were doing a damned fine job of mayhem on the Japanese vessels' exposed upperworks, but their medium sized field artillery and antiaircraft weapons hadn't and couldn't noticeably damage the enemy's vitals.

For some minutes the 145 stayed about two miles from the Japanese cruisers who were by now the center of interest for every gun and searchlight from Lunga to Koli Point.

"Bet they're annoyed to find everybody home," said Hearn as his eyes drank in the spectacle.

I couldn't help giving a yell! From somewhere in the darkness of her un-

RATIONING
came over on The Mayflower



THEY RATIONED EVERYTHING

The Pilgrims knew they were ill-prepared for one of the cruelest winters that resolute men, women and children ever had to face. Foreseeing trials that would challenge their endurance, they treasured their scanty store of food and rationed every helping.

But, when a Spring and Summer of strenuous labor rewarded them with an abundant harvest, the Pilgrims were grateful—but not alone for food. They felt they were well on their way toward an established home in a new world, bright with freedom, security and a promising future for their children. America's goal has never changed. And for such a goal rationing is a small price to contribute. "Food Fights For Freedom".

* * *

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.



*What ration points
 bring to our tables
 today would have
 seemed like banquets to
 generations of our fore-
 fathers—but you have
 Budweiser, too, to make
 simple wartime meals
 taste better.*

Budweiser
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

©1944

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

engaged side a PT boat must have unleashed a tropedo salvo, for the second Jap cruiser's port side under her bridge had suddenly torn apart in an agony of flame and noise. That their assailant was still invisible was verified by the silence of the Jap secondary guns.

ALMOST immediately the second cruiser's speed slackened, and in a few moments she was several thousand yards astern of her consort. In two more minutes she had listed several degrees to port, and there she hung. Slowly she turned away from the harassing shore batteries and pointed her bow for the open country beyond Savo Island, still leaning to port like a drunken sailor. Her undamaged consort continued to lambast the American lines. In five minutes the damaged cruiser was out of range of the shore batteries, and the last American searchlight left her to the darkness.

During the cripple's turn I had eased off toward Florida Island so as to be on her high side when she headed for sea and safety. Pulling the throttles almost to neutral had cut the boat's speed to a slow walker's pace. She was barely making a ripple. The Jap cruiser was overhauling us slowly and should pass within a thousand yards of our boat when she finally overtook us. To my eyes the cruiser seemed to have about eight degrees of list to port. That meant her starboard rail was eight degrees above horizontal.

Now, I knew from the best information Naval Intelligence had been able to supply us that Jap naval guns had a maximum depression of five degrees below the horizontal—as installed aboard ship. This was occasioned or necessitated by the shoulder high splinter shields that ran around all gun mounts. These shields prevented the guns from being depressed any lower. It was a necessary evil, so to speak, and on very few accounts would it have mattered. Naval guns usually need more elevation, not more depression.

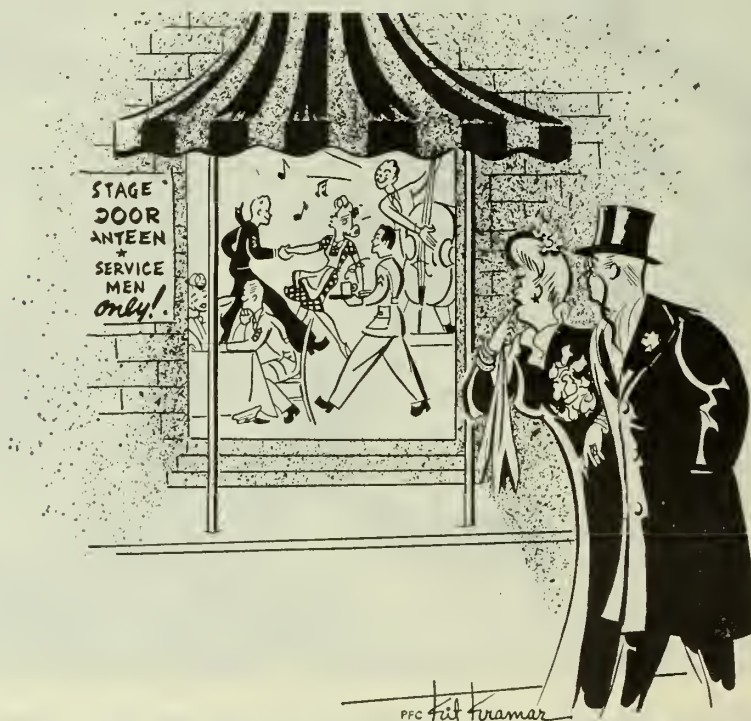
At any rate, eight degrees minus five degrees left the guns still three degrees above the actual horizontal plane, taking the cruiser's list into account. That meant to me that as long as we stayed on the cruiser's starboard side, and in fairly close to her, say within three or four thousand yards, she couldn't depress her guns far enough to hit us. All her shots would pass over our heads and fall into the sea behind the 145. I outlined the situation to the crew. The cruiser was barely visible in the darkness, but seemed to be looming larger with each succeeding minute. As long as the damage control party didn't get that list off her, we had a chance.

The cruiser was now barely half a mile away, and our 145 was broad on her

starboard bow. With a yell to the crew I thrust the throttle full in and roared toward the Jap! Almost immediately the Jap's starboard battery opened up. For a mind-shattering second we waited, then the shells whiffled by overhead and burst in the sea behind us. The Naval Intelligence had been right. The 145 was well inside their arc of de-

Japs made an effort to haul themselves out of the shark-infested Pacific.

I reversed course again, and swept down along the overturned cruiser's side. The boys lined the rail and tommy-gunned as many of the crawling, climbing, swimming enemy as they could see. It was nasty, dirty work, but so was Pearl Harbor. American boys like us



"If you'd join the Army, Roger, we could have some fun!"

pression. A shout of relief and triumph burst from every man's lips as we realized this fact. We were practically under her high, spoon-shaped bow now, and our two turret machine gunners commenced spattering her guns and bridges with little fifty caliber calling cards.

As the cockpit passed her curved stem, I throttled down, then reached up and yanked an imaginary whistle cord. One depth charge hit the water! Well, I yanked eight times and the boys got the last one off as the 145 cleared the cruiser's stern. By then the first three had sunk to their thirty foot depth setting and gone off with muffled sub-aquaeous grunts. I pushed the throttles all the way home and took out for more healthy parts.

By the time I could again look back the other five charges had gone off, and the cruiser's starboard bilge was a mass of twisted metal. Slowly she rolled to an even keel and then continued to fall over to starboard until her rail was awash. Loose gear from topside began to crash down to the low side and into the water. But she didn't pause with her rail awash, she kept on going, and ended with her long narrow bottom exposed to the sky. Little crawling figures dotted her bilge keels as swimming

had been treated that way at every opportunity. One by one the swimming heads disappeared.

Well, I guess I was just too dawgonned smart. We got so wrapped up in our little private massacre that we forgot there were two sides to every fight. That second Jap cruiser had finished her shore bombardment and was homeward bound. She'd seen our roaring wake and kept us spotted until she was almost on top of us. We didn't hear her or see her until right close to us four five-inch guns cut loose. We barely heard them go off. I half turned, and saw her out of the corner of my eye.

All four of her shells must have hit us at once. Anyway, I don't remember any more about anything until I woke up in this bed yesterday. My legs were gone by then. They tell me they flew me here. One of our PT boats picked me up. It was a miracle they saw me among all those dead Japs. They just wanted to get a closer look at an upside down Jap cruiser. They never found Bill Hearn or any of the other fellows.

I'm getting kind of tired now, Chaplain, it's been a long yarn, hasn't it? If they're right and I don't pull through, mail that story to the address I gave you, will you? I guess it can serve as my last letter home.



GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
... Every Sunday Afternoon ... NBC Network

Supply Sergeants...Both

Supply Sergeant home from the front ... his younger brother on the farm ... partners in providing more food for more people than in all our history.

The Army Service Forces use motor trucks by the hundreds of thousands. America's farmers own and operate more than a million of them. Everything a farmer grows, everything a soldier or civilian eats is transported by motor truck ... some way, sometime, somewhere.

Last year, according to government figures, these motor trucks helped to move more than twelve million tons of meat, five billion dozen eggs, nearly fifteen billion gallons of milk, more than four hundred million bushels of potatoes, two billion pounds of butter, and nearly four billion bushels of wheat and corn.

There's no question but that the farmer and his mainstay of transportation, the motor truck, are doing their utmost to see that "Food Fights for Freedom."



Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: "Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs ... on time." Join the U.S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.



HIGHWAY TRANSPORT...

INVEST IN VICTORY...BUY MORE WAR BONDS

VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION

General Motors Corporation

Home of Commercial GMC Trucks and GM Coaches ...
Volume Producer of GMC Army Trucks and Amphibian "Ducks"





Help Yourself...to a Taste that's like **Sunny Morning!**

LIKE a bracing whiff of cool Spring-morning breeze . . . your first delighted taste of the fresh and sunny flavor of SCHENLEY Reserve. You'll marvel that a whiskey *could* be so outstanding. Blended with the touch

of genius, the whiskey SCHENLEY made *first* in quality has quickly become America's *first choice* . . . because every drop is golden-smooth and mellow, like bright morning in your glass. Try it — soon.

The basic whiskeys in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since Oct. 1942.



They also serve,
who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY



Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.

NURSES TOO ARE EXPENDABLE

(Continued from page 20)

Boston; No. 2, Presbyterian Hospital, New York; No. 21, Washington University Hospital, St. Louis; No. 10, Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia; and No. 12, Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago. Some of those same hospitals were among the first to go overseas after Pearl Harbor.

From these six pioneering units came the only three American nurses who were wounded in action in World War I. Of the 12,000 nurses who served overseas in 1917 and 1918, the vast majority stayed well despite the unfamiliar hardships; few died in the service, none were killed by enemy fire.

The record of World War II shows the results of a rapidly moving Army and a larger nurse corps. In 2¼ years of fighting, seven nurses have been killed "in line of duty"—one in a plane crash in Alaska, and six in Italy when German planes bombed evacuation hospital units serving the Rome beachhead. Many have been wounded and decorated for valorous service. An Army nurse was the first woman to receive the Air Medal, and three A.N.C.'s have been awarded the coveted Soldiers' Medal, and three the Silver Star.

The chronicle of Army nursing in World War II begins in Pearl Harbor when, looking out the windows of quarters and wards, nurses saw the peaceful morning shattered by the ruthless Jap attack. One nurse watched her fiancé race across the landing field in an attempt to get to his plane, saw him fired on by six different gunners, but could not go to him because already the steady load of horribly torn and mutilated wounded had begun to arrive.

For three days she never left her post, for it was impossible to find out whether the boy was dead or alive or where he had been taken. Then she began her search, finding at last that he had been killed along with so many of the others. She went back to her ward and worked faithfully until the entire unit was relieved and returned to the U. S. some months later. "Why did I do it?" she says, "Because they needed every nurse they could find. . . . It was my heart that was broken, not my hands. I worked till I was ready to drop. But I have never forgotten one moment of the horror and unreality of that day." The flight from the Philippines and the desperation of those Army and Navy nurses who stayed behind is another phase of the saga of the Pacific. The fate of those captured by the Japs is still unknown.

The nurses who got out of Bataan were by no means the first or only American nurses to reach Australia. Several units had been rapidly activated and assigned to the Southwest Pacific theater. Shipped into the bush to set up tent and hut hospitals, or into the steaming

jungles north of the Australian continent, they never saw active combat. For months they fought tropical climate, isolation, loneliness, malaria, the lack of fresh food and the monotony of canned rations, and the boredom of days dragging along slowly one exactly like the other.

Their patients were mostly down with malaria, having been evacuated from marine engagements in the islands further north. With little to do, theirs was a "waiting war," a fight without dramatics or heroics—but not without its quiet drama and quieter heroines. Had there been an invasion of Australia at that time, as had been expected, these nurses and medical units would have been sorely needed. To the soldiers in that area, they were a morale factor even though not under fire!

Some 20,000 Army nurses are in service overseas, in every theater of operations. First to see fire since Corregidor were those who went from England to North Africa with the invasion forces. One of these was Lt. Ruth Haskell, attached to a general hospital unit which was due to land with the forces somewhere near Arzew. She had injured her back in a fall on the high seas aboard the transport; but, nonetheless, she made the leap from ship to landing barge, crowded up forward with the men, and plunged down into chin-high water of the Mediterranean to wade ashore. All across the wet sand she crawled on her belly, while German snipers popped at her and other members of the unit. When they got to the village they found that every building to be used as temporary hospitals was filled with seriously wounded. There was little or no water

and the units' equipment had not yet arrived. All that night and all next day the medics worked without rest, most of them in the wet clothes in which they had landed.

Lt. Haskell is a blue-eyed Irish girl with a broad smile, a natural Gaelic wit, a Maine accent, and a ten-year-old son. She has the instinctive warmth and practical sympathy that a man likes when he's sick—nothing sticky and sentimental, just a friendly something that makes you feel better.

When her unit got properly established, Lt. Haskell kept right on nursing, making her rounds always with a pat on the head for this one, a joke for that one, a playfully stern word for the boy who showed signs of feeling sorry for himself. Her favorite gag was to take a soldier's pulse and then to crack, "Say, you're going to be so well in a couple of days I'm gonna wish you weren't a corporal!"

After two months of this, Lt. Haskell had to report that lame back. X-ray showed two fractured vertebrae. "Didn't you have any better sense than to drag yourself around in this condition?" her C.O. asked before signing the order to send her back to the U.S. for care. "Sure," quipped Ruth. "But you needed me here, didn't you?"

Stories of nursing heroism in Italy are hard to track down as yet, but the nurses themselves are writing back eloquent descriptions of the heroism of our troops. "My hands are stiff with cold," writes Lt. Helen Wharton. "I haven't bathed in God knows when and we're terrifically busy. The guns make so much noise I can hardly think straight. But there is plenty of satisfaction in knowing



Those in the know—ask for

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

**AMONG AMERICA'S
GREAT WHISKIES**



Spring house at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still used in the distillation of Old Crow whiskey.*



*Today, as for
generations past, Old Crow
continues to be the chosen
favorite of those who know
and appreciate the finest.*

BOTTLED IN BOND



*The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

that this outfit can really produce. The patients have unbelievable stamina. The steam rises out of their open bellies in the operating room, it is so cold. But they've really got youth and strength, and never a whimper from them. No man's army could possibly have more spirit than ours. But they need our medical and nursing care desperately. All the Nazi hate, horror, and hellfire on earth won't keep us from helping these boys who need us."

Nurses like Lt. Wharton have moved across North Africa from Casablanca to Bizerte. They saw service with field hospitals and evac units in Sicily; they went to Italy with the invasion forces. Lt. Wharton's unit and others were aboard a hospital ship bombed in the Bay of Salerno. Every piece of nursing equipment was lost and the nurses were returned to North Africa to be re-outfitted before they could rejoin the Army in Italy. A day or so after they had finally got their tent hospital set up, a tornado wrecked it. All night long they were rescuing patients from piles of debris, operating in emergency O.R.'s set up in the basements of deserted buildings.

These nurses live like the men—in heavy-duty fatigue clothes and G.I. boots. Always mobile, they can never approximate "home" in their tented quarters—this war moves too fast for settling down anywhere. Their hair dried up under the African sun; they breathed dust for weeks and months. In winter they worked in bitter cold, in spring they dragged weary feet through ankle deep mud. Doing a job, and doing it well, because somehow to the Army nurse the patient is infinitely more important than her own comfort.

It's a theme that has always dominated Army nursing. Stories that have been recorded in the annals of Army nursing in World War I show that even 25 years ago the Army nurse thought of her patient first and herself last.

Some of you may remember that Rouen, in the last war, was the heart of the southern line of British hospitals set up for the care of Allied wounded. It was also the clearing center for eleven British hospitals in the immediate vicinity. To the 9th General Hospital of the B. E. F., the largest and most stable of all in the area, were assigned the nurses and medical men of U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 4, the group from Cleveland's Lakeside Hospital. Lying in carefully laid out parallel streets were 25 long brown wood huts and numbers of dun-colored tents which comprised the hospital buildings. Neat lawns and vegetable gardens bordered the outside. Long wooden buildings and canvas-covered Armstrong huts were used for nurses' quarters and the nurses had fixed them up inside with gay curtains and other homey touches in an effort to make a contrast there for the military

aspect of the rest of the area. There were potato patches between some of the buildings because the ever-necessary "spud" was a scarcity on the French market.

Ten large huts, accommodating 40 beds each, made up the medical division, and the surgical division was housed in 14 tents and 10 huts. In the center of the hospital area were the administration building, the O.R., Q.M. building, and the recreation and mess halls. All of it made an excellent target.

While this was an elaborate and careful installation, the tents were rainproof but not coldproof at best and the huts were of summer construction with many air spaces and cracks. A rigorous winter set in at No. 9 and patients, surgeons, and nurses suffered from the bitter cold. Small oil stoves were installed in the nurses' quarters and coal stoves in the mess hall—but little heat was available elsewhere. A pint of oil a day was allowed for each oil stove—the equivalent of two hours' heat out of twenty-four. Many of the nurses suffered from chilblains and the chief nurse, Grace Allison, wrote: "Our water pipes have all frozen and for three days we had no water, except that which could be carried a quarter of a mile. . . ."

No. 9 experienced five night air raids in one week—and only a fourth of the nurses were equipped with helmets. Some nurses put water pails or wash basins over their heads for protection during

TO OUR HONORED DEAD

WITH heads bared we stand in reverent silence to salute our dead of all the wars of American history, from the first battles of the Colonials along the Atlantic Seaboard to the fighting now going on virtually everywhere in the world except the Western Hemisphere.

They did not die in vain, they are not dying in vain while we in the United States remain free. The home front can by matching the devotion of those on the fighting front guarantee that freedom to those who will come back, and make certain that those who return from the fighting shall find a free America.

In most of the States May 30th is the traditional Memorial Day.

Of the Southern States, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi observe Memorial Day on April 26th and again on June 3d, Jefferson Davis's birthday. On May 10th North and South Carolina observe the day, and South Carolina joins with the three States named above and Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia in commemorating the war dead on June 3d.

Every day in the year should be regarded by Americans as Memorial Day. But for those whose sacrifices are by that phrase brought to mind we should not be the nation that we are.

"Won't it be swell when . . ."



1. WON'T IT BE SWELL when you can actually go hunting again? Sure! But meanwhile, why not do this? . . . Just settle yourself in your easiest easy chair. Think the word "hunting." And when your imagination starts to play, play along with it! . . .

2. PRESTO! No more war shortages, and you're in a store chock-full of fine guns. Look at that Remington Sportsman. Snap it to your shoulder. Fits like part of you, doesn't it? Points as easily as your finger—fires three shots as fast as you pull the trigger! Want it? It's yours!



3. NOW FOR SOME DUCKS—on a marsh that's alive with them. Your pockets are full of Remington Express shells—powerful, long-range loads. And you're making the toughest shots look easy. (Wait till you tell the boys about that double you got at 60 yards!) What? You've bagged your limit already? Never mind, mister. You can come out some other day! Good sport, isn't it? Even only imag-

ining. Maybe before long you'll be doing the real thing!

4. SO—right now—make a note. Tie a knot in your handkerchief—tie a string around your finger—write on your calendar pad—paste in your hat: *Remington means America's finest sporting arms and ammunition!*

Remington is producing vast supplies of military arms and ammunition for our armed forces. And soon—we hope—we will once more be able to furnish sportsmen with Remington shotguns and rifles, Remington Express and Shur Shot shells, Remington Hi-Speed .22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with Core-Lokt bullets. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*

New! Looking toward the day when we can again supply essential civilian ammunition, we've designed these new, easier-to-recognize packages for two of your old Remington friends.



If it's Remington It's Right



"Sportsman," "Express," "Shur Shot," "Hi-Speed" and "Kleanbore" are Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.; "Core-Lokt" is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

Remington

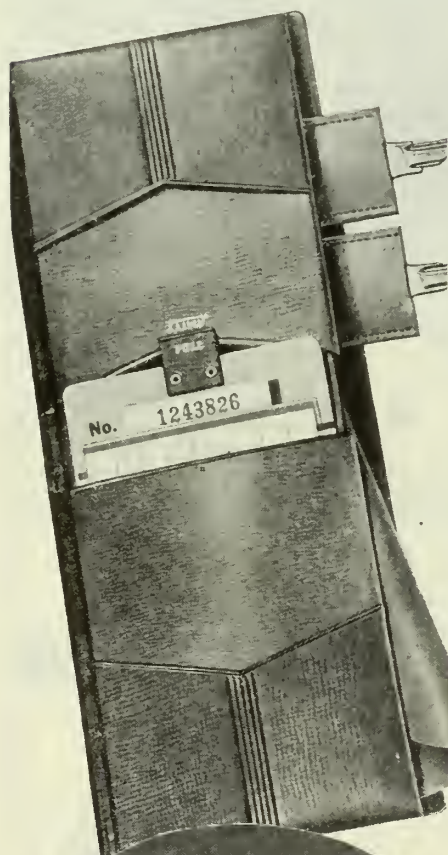
DU PONT

**HEY MISTER . . .
WHY NOT MUSTER
OUT THAT WORN-
OUT BILLFOLD !**

Muster in an Amity "Director" Billfold, like the one shown here! Get next to a real pocketful of modern billfold beauty and usefulness.

Genuine prewar quality! Fine leathers . . . skilled craftsmanship . . . unexcelled features! Get yours today and remember there's no finer gift for servicemen or civilians than an Amity "Director" Billfold!

*Ask Your Dealer to Show You
Its Eight Unmatched Features!*



AMITY

**"DIRECTOR"
BILLFOLD**



**FOR A HAPPY FUTURE SOON . . .
INVEST IN WAR BONDS TODAY!**

**AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO.
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN**

the raid, but the majority went without. Rouen was well fortified with anti-aircraft guns and the din of ack-ack and bombs was deafening. Nurses would plunge into water-filled trenches for protection and follow the direction of the raiding planes by the trail of each of the six bombs it carried and dropped. Occasionally a rocket illuminated the ground and sometimes the petroleum tanks caught fire and blazed for as long as 24 hours. Night nurses remained on duty throughout the raids, regardless of the fact that a barricade of sandbags outside the huts was all that stood between them and destruction.

In a raid such as this, not at No. 9 but at a Casualty Clearing Station near St. Sixte's Convent, Belgium, Beatrice MacDonald was wounded, the first American nurse to be injured in action in World War I. She was a staff nurse attached to New York's Presbyterian Hospital Base No. 2, who had been sent forward as a member of a surgical team for temporary duty at Clearing Station No. 61. Sleeping, after a long siege of duty, Miss MacDonald was awakened by the sound of German motors overhead. She reached for a tin hat but two bombs hit the cook house nearby. Shrapnel came through the tent wall, pierced her cheek, and penetrated her eye. She lost the sight of her eye, but returned to duty at Boulogne and remained in service until two months after the Armistice.

This was the war in which wounded who had sprawled in shell holes for hours without medical attention came into the hospitals with wounds infected with maggots, with great pieces of muscle and flesh torn away by shell and shrapnel, and festering. Nurses like Miss MacDonald had to treat wounds far more threatening than those today which have already been covered with sulfa drugs. Their patients did not have the advantage of modern front line surgery which has cut hospital deaths to one-half the rate in 1917 and 1918. Transfusions of whole blood were given, but the miracle of blood plasma was still unknown. The task of these nurses was the grimmest of any, and yet, like Miss MacDonald, they talked little of the horrors of the job, hardly mentioned their own hardships. In fact, the story of Miss MacDonald's injury came not from the nurse herself, but from a hut-mate, Helen McClelland, who had also been assigned to No. 61.

The two nurses had met somewhere near Abbeville, en route to the Casualty Clearing Station to which they had been assigned. Along the way they saw thousands of pontoon bridges for use in the drive to cross the canal at Ypres. They saw also the hundreds and thousands of tired Tommies and doughboys on whose stamina ultimate victory depended.

During a drive, ambulance trains on tracks stood waiting to be loaded. Usually, casualty stations were nearby.

There surgical teams, sent up from various base hospitals, were at work—two surgeons, an anaesthetist, two nurses, and two orderlies. They stayed on duty day and night, patching wounded, making them as comfortable as possible, see-



**"Remember how it used to take hours
to decide what to wear on a date?"**

ing that they were put aboard the trains for evacuation to comparative safety.

Back at the bases, the ambulance trains were met by motor ambulances to which wounded were rapidly transferred and removed to the permanent hospital. Sometimes the main roadway was lined for hours with ambulances coming and going, shuttling between train and base. Nurses often did as many as 300 dressings each day. And there was one sour note which jarred the nurses: Ammunition trains had the right of way. Trains bearing wounded were often held up indefinitely and the patients were exhausted when they reached the base to receive bed care.

The clearing stations got all the worst cases, those whose condition made it impossible for them to wait for surgery. "I shall never forget those men," wrote Miss McClelland. "Even those who were horribly wounded . . . never had a word of complaint."

The Pennsylvania unit, U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 16, had some 1400 patients at Le Tréport, many of them heavy surgical and mustard gas cases. The majority of nurses had not been trained or experienced in handling such vast numbers of critically wounded, but the emergency taught them quickly. The gassed patients, nurses said, looked the worst. Their eyes were swollen and discharging, their bodies covered with blisters. Breathing was difficult and discomforting. Some spit blood and were unable to speak above a whisper. Sometimes as many as 700 would be admitted in one day. Usually there were not more than 50 nurses to care for them.

Night nurses made their rounds carrying a shaded lantern, giving medications, inspecting dressings. One nurse discovered eight hemorrhages in one night but because of her vigilance not one of them died. Another nurse, detecting a hemorrhage, buried her bare hand deep in a soldier's wound until help came. Speaking of the morale of those men, chief

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



"Hold everything, Sarge, we're having lobster for supper!"

POWER and compactness are essential to batteries used in "walkie-talkies" and other Army and Navy equipment. Because "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries combine both, all we can make now go to the armed forces. It's worth keeping in mind, next time your dealer says he can't supply you.



There's only one real "buy" today, and that's War Bonds. Buy them as big as you can, as often as you can!

The words "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Co., Inc.



nurse Margaret Dunlop said, "Their bravery, unselfishness, and fortitude stiffened our own courage. . . ."

With the Germans only eight miles from Amiens, the position of No. 16 was dangerous. It was a big base and crowded with patients. One night, just at midnight and in the midst of a downpour of rain, the nurses heard that a train would arrive to deliver 320 patients and remove 300. Many of them were seriously ill, but the evacuation was accomplished successfully—in the dim glow of lanterns, in the rain and in less than three hours!

U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 10 accomplished an even more spectacular evacuation—thousands of men in two or three days with only nine casualties en route.

One of the nurses of this unit, Isabelle Stambaugh, had been sent forward to a clearing station and thence to No. 42 Station Hospital at Amiens. There, during an air raid in March, 1918, she was severely wounded.

Even before that, the previous September, Eva Jean Parmelee of Base Hospital No. 5, attached to B. E. F. No. 11, at Dannes Cannier, had been wounded. In a letter, she described her own experience:

"As the lights flicked out the air raid warning went on. My orderly, Oscar Tugo, came running from his supper; I met him in the road in front of our two

tents. Suddenly above us we heard the hum of the planes, saw a sputtering streak of sparks drop from the sky and Tugo cried out, "Why, they're here!"

There was a deafening report and Miss Parmelee plunged into a ditch. "I felt as if I were being stirred up in a great bowl of reeking gunpowder," she wrote. And, after four more reports, "We're done for; they're wiping us out!"

Then she heard the wounded calling: "Sister! Sister!" and she jumped out of the ditch and ran to the tent with her flashlight. Men were bleeding badly. Doctors and nurses began to arrive with stretchers.

"I crossed over to the other tent and found that the whole front section had been blown up, beds, lockers, floor and all. Not a patient was in sight." Although they were wounded, they were all living and had been placed in other wards. In Officers' Quarters and the reception tent

seven had been killed and several wounded. Tugo was dead.

Miss Parmelee suffered two face wounds and a black eye. Shrapnel tore her skirt and apron and cut away her wristwatch, so that only the strap remained. "Nonsense!" she said, as to reports of her injuries. "They were only a couple of tiny scratches!"

War hasn't changed much, nurses find, in 25 years. It moves faster and there is no longer any "Front." Modern methods give the wounded soldier a better than fighting chance for his life—and elaborate rest and rehabilitation programs will help him reclaim his proper place in the community when he comes home. But none of this changes the fact that when he is wounded he must have medical and nursing care—at once. For the nurse, the hazards of war may have increased somewhat—but so has the demand for her services. Knowing men, and their needs, she knows that sometimes a smile, a pat on the head, do as much good (almost!) as plasma. Now, as in 1917, she is proud of her right to nurse—"up front with the boys!"

Acknowledgment with thanks is due the nursing service of the American Red Cross and particularly to Miss Nellie Oppenheim, librarian of the New York Chapter, for the opportunity to refer to the historical material from which most of the facts on World War I were obtained.—The Editors.

**THANK GOD
FOR
THE NURSES!**

To

STATE IT

SIMPLY...



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Famous **OLD**
FORESTER
America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC.
at LOUISVILLE in KENTUCKY



THEY LEARN BY MAIL

By DAVID GROSS

THE mud-bespattered army jeep ground to a swift stop in front of a lonely outpost of infantrymen somewhere along the Tunisian battle line. Somebody recognized the jeep's hardly discernible insignia and yelled "mail!"—and the infantry came tumbling after. Naturally the men were as excited about their mail as a bunch of debutantes on their first date. But one man in particular could hardly suppress his glee, for he knew that in addition to letters from his folks and girl there would be a bulky envelope from Madison, Wisconsin—his third lesson in social pathology sent by the Army Institute.

Organized by the War Department for the special benefit of the enlisted personnel of the Army (as well as Navy, Coast Guard, and Marine Corps), this unique correspondence school offers over 700 high school and college courses ranging from accounting, aviation, and French to trigonometry, welding, and climatology. Servicemen wishing to obtain high school and college credits for the subjects completed can usually have the Army Institute arrange this for them.

Most courses are a nominal two dollars, but in some cases where the bill grows somewhat batted, Uncle Sam steps in and pays half. Like all correspondence schools, the Army Institute sends its lessons (in the form of lectures, pamphlets, discussions) through the mail. When, where, and how long Johnny Doughboy studies his lessons

depends entirely on him. A soldier's cot usually serves as his desk, although the Institute urges its students to study in the post library.

Although the lessons are uniform, each student receives individual attention from a patient, competent instructor. Because the entire project functions on a voluntary basis, officers scouting for O. C. S. material make it a habit to check up on who is enrolled with the Institute. When a student completes his course of study, a Certificate of Proficiency is mailed to his commanding officer who, almost always, takes a fatherly pride in awarding the document to the soldier.

A checkup reveals that servicemen are interested in learning about a great variety of subjects, both practical and scholarly. That is why the Institute offers such differing courses as Highway Construction, Personnel Management, Preventive Medicine, The Ante-Bellum South, Applied Mathematics, Contemporary Philosophy, Vocational Psychology, Swedish Literature, and Early History of Israel.

Among the foreign languages which the Institute offers are military German, Russian, Spanish, Icelandic, Portuguese, Norwegian, French, and Italian.

A.E.F. outposts in frigid Iceland have reported to the Army Institute that the soldiers making the most headway with the flaxen-haired damsels of that country are graduates of the Army Institute's course in Icelandic. It really pays to be studious!

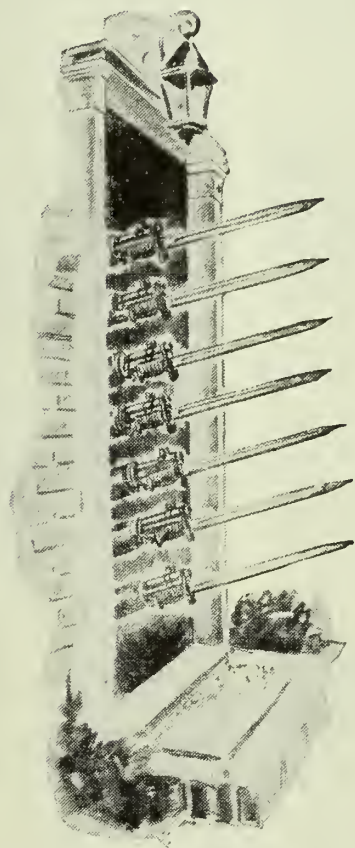
LITTLE JOE

(Continued from page 17)
advised. "I'm layin' in a wadi. Better get back in, if it should start rainin' junk yards."

This time, hardly were they in, when a low grinding heralded the long-awaited wrecker.

"Say, now, Stuffy," began Red hurriedly, "git down an' rotate this turret back where it belongs, will yuh? The gun is pointing off to the side where they can't tow the tank. You see they have to rotate the turret to get at this Little Joe, an' that turns the gun, too,

The fight on the doorstep



THIS WAR can't be won on battlefields alone. One of the most critical campaigns of all must be waged right on the doorstep of every family in America.

This is the fight against higher prices and higher wages. It's a fight that *must* be won...or victories on battlefields will be meaningless.

It's like this. In America this year, our total income after taxes will be about 133 billion dollars. But there'll be only about 93 billion dollars' worth of goods to spend it on. If we all start trying to buy as much as we can, prices will shoot up.

As prices rise, people will ask for—and, in many cases, get—higher wages. That will put up the cost of manufacturing, so up will go prices again. Then we'll need another pay raise. If we get it, prices rise again. It's a vicious circle.

The Government has done a lot to help keep prices down. It has put ceilings on food and rent...has rationed scarce articles. But the Government can't do it all alone.

It needs *your help!*

Your part in this fight won't be easy. It will mean foregoing luxuries, perhaps doing without a few necessities. Tough? Maybe...but don't say that where the veterans of Italy and New Britain can hear you!

You *want* to do your part, of course. So do we all...farmers, laborers, white-collar workers, business executives. And the way to do your part *right* now is to observe the following seven rules for Victory and a prosperous peace...

1. Buy only what you NEED. And before you buy anything, remember that patriotic little jingle: "Use it up. Wear it out. Make it do or do without."

2. Keep your OWN prices DOWN! If you sell goods, or your own time and labor, *don't ask for more money* than you absolutely must! No matter who tries to talk you into asking more...*don't listen!*

3. No matter how badly you need something...never pay more than the posted ceiling price! Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the required coupons. If you do, you're helping the Black Market gang—hurting yourself!

4. Pay your taxes cheerfully! Taxes are the cheapest way to pay for a war! The **MORE** taxes you pay now—when you have some extra money—the **LESS** taxes you'll pay later on!

5. Pay off old debts. Don't make any new ones! Get, and stay, square with the world!

6. Start a savings account. Make regular deposits, often! Buy life insurance. Keep your premiums paid up.

7. Buy War Bonds...regularly and often! And hold on to them! Don't just buy them with spare cash you can easily do without. Invest every dime and dollar you don't actually **NEED**...even if it *hurts* to give those dimes and dollars up!

**Use it up...Wear it out.
Make it do...Or do without.**



**fresh tobacco
what a joy!**

Model No. 213—\$3.00
Other models and leathers
from \$1.50 to \$15.00



"seals as it closes"

A cross section
showing how lips
of the patented inner
pouch are sealed
lightly when the outer
pouch is zipped shut.

U. S. Pat. No. 1,801,151
Can. Pat. No. 374,167
© 1944, R. I. Inc.,
N. Y. C.

ROGERS AIR-TITE tobacco pouch

Enjoy the last pipeful as much
as the first . . . thanks to the
patented Rogers Air-Tite inner
Pouch. The secret is in the
construction illustrated. Rogers
Air-Tite Pouches are
beautifully made in the finest
leathers, in standard and
in combination models to hold
pipes as well as tobacco.
At better shops everywhere.

*The largest selling tobacco pouch
in the U. S. A.*

ROGERS IMPORTS, INC.
Mfrs. & Importers, 419 4th Ave., N. Y. C.
U. S. Agts. for Peterson's Pipes, Dublin & London

but then they can't tow the tank with
the gun stickin' out the side, see?"

"It would seem too much trouble to
start the durn thing anyway," muttered
Stuffy.

"Naw. Have to start, Joe," explained
Red. "It furnishes the power for the
turret, for the stabilizer, an' for the
radio. Tank is sure helpless if Joe ain't
runnin'. But he also can furnish, once
out of a tank, juice fer lights for a tent
or CP, juice for electric razors, flat
irons, or a movin' picture show, which
is why everyone gets worried about
Little Joe gettin' kidnapped."

Stuffy cranked in the handle that
turned the turret by hand.

"I see the wrecker," exulted Red,
"right in front of us, backin' up. Boy,
am I glad—"

The thunderous roar of the tank's
big gun swept the words from his mouth,
but a second roar almost blew him from
the turret. Flames leaped before his
horrified eyes.

"What did you do, Stuffy, what did
you do?" he pleaded, yelling in the
other soldier's ear.

"I kicked somethin'," said Stuffy,
aghast. "I kicked somethin' an' it blew
up."

"You done it now!" agonized Red.
"That gun fires with the foot. You fired
it off an' blew up the wrecker."

Slam! Slam! Slam! Three enemy
shells kerblammed beside the tank.
Fragments bounced from its rugged
sides. It was artillery, searching for
personnel trying to drag off the tank.
A star shell next. No movement. The
firing ceased.

An hour later a head suddenly ap-
peared in the open hatch.

"Wake up!" husked a voice. "Wild
Bill. The wrecker's here. Git out!"

"I didn't mean to blow it up," said
Stuffy. Horror was in his tone. "I hit

somethin' with my foot. I was tryin'
to get out, honest I was. Was, many
hurt?"

"Are you nuts?" whispered Wild Bill.
"I got the wrecker with me."

Another whisper from outside the
tank, inaudible. Wild Bill disappeared
with fearful suddenness. In a few sec-
onds he was back.

"Git out, git out!" he ordered. "Don't
make no noise. Careful now. Kid, that
was a German wrecker you hit. Comin'
up to tow you off! 'Magine that! Boy,
you blew it clean to hell! Them Krauts
are sure smart. Why, they even beat
the Ordnance to a tank. Git down now,
we'll start draggin' this outta here. Quiet
now, they'll throw a lily at us if they
hear anything."

As noiselessly as possible the men
crept from the tank. Several more on
the ground were quietly attaching a
long wire cable to the disabled tank.
Others spoke in excited whispers of the
shattered enemy wrecker off in the
shadows.

"Dam' gun was loaded—kid didn't
know it—kicked it off with his foot—
otta get a medal just the same . . ."

In the dark the hearts of Red and
Stuffy swelled with pride.

"Hey, Bill. Looka, Bi'l." It was the
peep driver's voice, hissing with excite-
ment. "This is the wrong tank. This
ain't our tank. This is a Second Bat-
talion tank. Looka the markin's!"

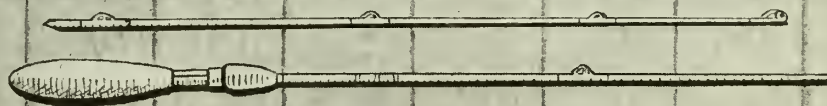
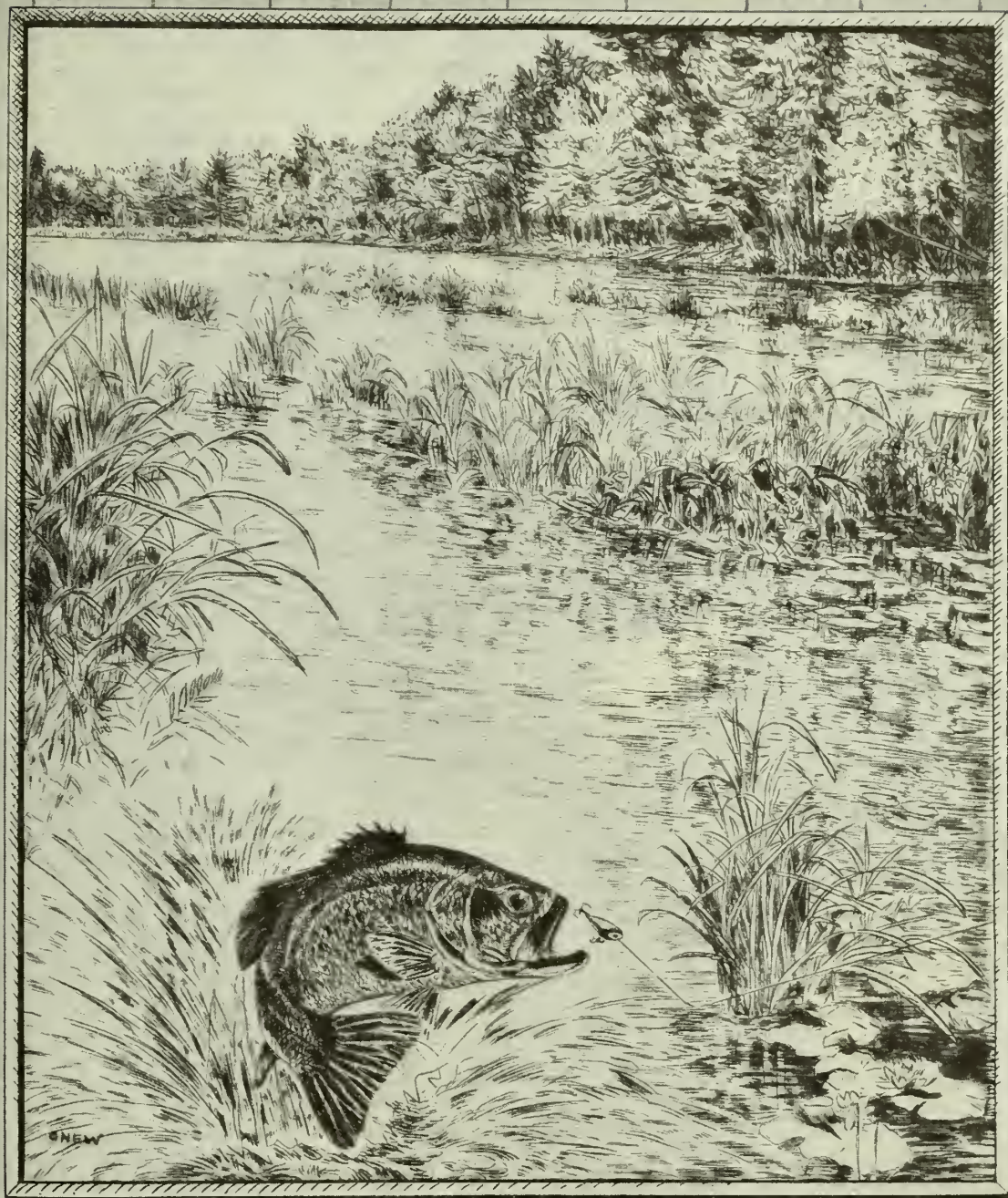
"Oh, my gosh! Well, you was the
dope that brought us here. I wish I
could speak out loud, by God, I'd say
a few things. You clunk!"

"Listen," explained the driver, "I
seen the crew, see? I talked to 'em.
While they was waitin' for the ambu-
lance. Our tank is here. If this ain't
ours, there's another one. Well, why
not drag this one out?"

Wild Bill cursed. "Was there a Little



"I've a idea that new man from the Jolly
Novelties won't be with us very long."



Symbols of Quality!

Miller's



HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



Joe in this tank?" he wanted to know. "Yeh. Them new guys already took it out an' put it in the peep."

"Good. Them two are tops. I said they ought to have a medal. Well, I better see if I can find the other tank. Come with me to give a look."

The wind was blowing from the German lines, else the whispering and clanking would have brought hostile notice before. But other than an occasional flare, and the clatter of distant guns, nothing prevented the maintenance crew from their thorough search. Their own tank was gone. The Krauts had got it, then sent the German wrecker back for the other one.

With no warning at all, the air was suddenly filled with whistles as from piping plover. Down came the iron rain, away ran the soldiers at the first clam, climbed aboard the wrecker and peep that were sheltered in a neighboring wadi, and took off.

Behind them, the pyre of the burning tank, afire from the latest shelling,

lighted their way across the bled. Before them, in the ruddy light, leaped the figure of Wild Bill, hands upraised.

"Halt!" he roared. "By God, halt! We're goin' to take a tank back with us if he have to raid the Jerry lines to get it! We didn't come out here to pick flowers!"

Some hours later co'd dawn came through the window slits at the Arab farm. A tiny gasoline stove hissed and the odor of boiling coffee wafted to the sniffing noses of Red and Stuffy. The red-eyed maintenance officer listened to Wild Bill's report.

"Outta eight busted tanks," said Wild Bill, "we got in seven. The Krauts got that last one. It was gone. With only one wrecker—well, there was another tank out there from the Second Battalion. The Krauts heard us huntin' for ours an' laid down on it. Burned it out. But we did drag in a Jerry wrecker. These men here, replacements, was guardin' the Second Battalion tank, thinking it was ours, an' heard the Jerry

comin'" an' fired at him, an' the German wrecker crew took off. Didn't hurt the wrecker. Blew off the boom an' an acetylene tank. But we c'n fix it. New men these are, just come up last night. Fought like hell. We c'n put that Jerry wrecker to good use."

The red-eyed officer jerked his head in air. All his fatigue left him. "Did you get the Little Joe out of that Second Battalion tank?" he demanded.

"Sure did!" exulted Wild Bill. "It's in the peep right outside—huh? What's this?"

The peep driver entered, wide-eyed. "Say, that Little Joe is gone!" he gasped. "It was in the peep, I helped put it in. But now it ain't there!"

"Didn't you two men put Little Joe in that peep?" demanded Wild Bill.

Silence. Then Stuffy spoke, aided by Red's nudging elbow.

"Yes, sir, we did. But when we found out that it wasn't our battalion tank, we put it back in the tank again. We was told it wasn't right to steal things."

THE G. I.'S FRIEND

(Continued from page 18)

what they'd done and seen. And they'd pull out finger-worn snapshots to show you—hundreds of pictures of wives and mothers and sweethearts and babies.

They'd describe their homes to you—down to the last detail. They'd ask you eagerly if you knew their home town. They'd grin happily telling you the exact place on the wall a certain picture hung, what the sitting room looked like, in just what corner the green armchair stood. They wanted it all to stay exactly that way until they came back to it. It was the only real security or feeling of permanence they had.

For a long time the mail came through very slowly. A four months' old *Life* would be grabbed immediately—it seemed new. We'd all share our letters from home. The men would pass them round among each other and read and re-read little details about life back in America, until the much-fingered pages were falling apart. A clipping, an advertisement from a shop you knew, even a familiar postmark on an envelope could make your heart give a funny little jump.

It wasn't that you were homesick. You were too busy, your days were too full, for that. It was just in the background you liked thinking of things being the same back home, and unchanged in all the strangeness and impermanence about you.

If you have anyone overseas, you should write and write and then write more. Even the minutest details. People have said to me since I came back—"But there isn't enough to say, it must

all sound so trivial and dull compared to everything over there." Nothing about home, however trivial and uninteresting it may seem to you, is dull to soldiers overseas.

We tried to make the Clubs as much like home as possible—places to which the men could come for comfort and relaxation and fun. Places in which they could find real beds and baths and dances and games and people from home to talk to and to answer their questions.

They'd ask thousands of questions—where could they buy a puppy, what place in town had the best band, when did the bus leave for the desert, what would be a good present for a new baby, whom could they talk to about a loan.

They all had a curious detachment, which seemed a little strange at first

until you found you'd learned it yourself, a matter of fact acceptance of things as they are.

I remember one of the boys down front describing the Jerrys he'd seen sitting straight and charred in a tank, burned to death. He'd gotten some good photos.

I hadn't been there very long. I think I gasped a little. And he smiled at me.

"Hell, honey," he said. "That's the way it is. It isn't sad or bad or funny—it just is."

The combat crews had the same point of view. After sweating out long tense hours on a mission, they'd tell you what swell jazz they'd got on their radio coming back.

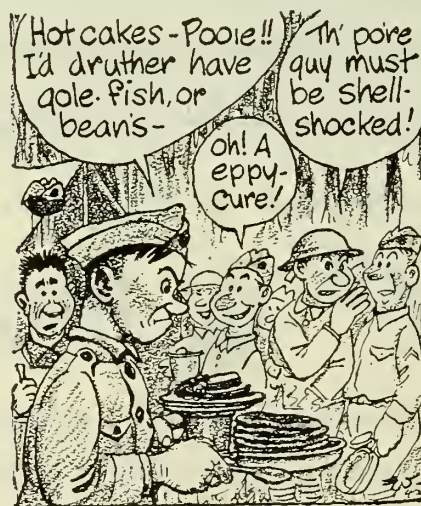
There was always something to laugh about. You found laughter came very easily. Because you wanted to laugh, you did. The comedians who come overseas are probably more welcome than anyone or anything else.

And the G. I. brand of humor is dry and to the point. I remember a young pilot on a Red Cross tour through the Holy Land. We had stopped at the Rock of the Ascension where there is an imprint in the stone supposed to be the foot print of Christ as He rose to Heaven.

The boy nudged me as we looked. It was a very large imprint.

"He must have worn a G. I. shoe," he murmured.

It's the way people talked and looked—the little things they told you about and the things that happened to them that you remember most. The combat crews, for instance, who always refused





“By Gad, sir! Horsecwhipping’s too good for a man who’d snitch my own personal Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve!”



* Calvert has distilled only war alcohol since October 8, 1942

IF YOU promise not to snitch, we’ll let you in on the mellow secret of a Calvert Reserve Old Fashioned. You see, this whiskey has the knack of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other in-

gredients in a mixed drink. And when its rare “soft” flavor steals across your taste buds—oh, *boy!* Yes, in these days of whiskey shortage*, Calvert Reserve is more than ever “*the choicest you can drink or serve.*”

Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits



THE HEAVY BURDEN of Constipation

Constipation is an ancient burden that many physicians relieve in a modern way—with SARAKA. The action of SARAKA is gentle; it causes no griping, no diarrhea, no embarrassing urgency. See free trial offer below.



ESPECIALLY IN WARTIME

Nervous strain, worry, and changes in food and eating habits often result in constipation. It's good sense to do something about it—early. If you are subject to constipation try taking SARAKA.



One teaspoonful of these tiny granules equals 20 teaspoonfuls of Bran in bulk-producing ability. But convenient SARAKA is more than bulk alone; it is fortified with a mild laxative. The combination promotes thorough and satisfying bowel hygiene. Caution, use only as directed. Ask your druggist for SARAKA. Try it tonight.

FREE: Write for Free Trial Package and revealing report by a well-known physician. SARAKA, Box AL13, Bloomfield, N. J.



SARAKA

Invest in America—Buy War Bonds

to be separated. They were bound by ties closer even than family ones. They'd always insist on being put all together in the same room when they came down on leave.

A boy from one of these crews hobbled into the Club on crutches one day. When he was last down, his crew had been with him. Now he'd come in from the hospital. They were sending him home.

"Where are the others, Bill?" we asked him. It always seemed strange not to see a crew together.

"They're all gone," he said simply. "We got shot up with ack-ack over Naples and everyone was killed in the plane except Dan and Joe and me."

Dan, he said, had taken over the plane although he was shot in the head and stomach. Joe had been hit in the arm and head. He, himself, had a leg wound and his thumb had been blown off.

"Funny," he said, "I looked down and it wasn't there. Never felt a thing."

One of their engines had been shot up and they'd had to drop out of formation. Somehow they got across the Mediterranean and made a crash landing in the desert.

They'd crawled out of the plane. None of them could walk. They'd decided to try and make their base, figuring it wasn't far.

"We'd crawl a little way and then stop and then crawl some more," Bill said. At night it was very cold—they'd burrow into the sand.

The second day Dan was dead when they started off. The other two crawled on alone.

"I guess it was about five that afternoon," Bill continued slowly. "Joe said he couldn't go any further. I lay down beside him and he asked me to get his mother's picture out of his pocket. He lay looking at it and talking about her for about an hour before he died. He asked me to look her up if I ever made it out alive."

After that, Bill crawled on alone.

"I didn't have any water left," he said. "It was funny, it was so hot I couldn't think very straight any more. I'd keep seeing the Squadron all lined up and the boys were passing buckets of water back and forth, back and forth. After that I was unconscious I guess. The British picked me up two days later and I ended up down here."

"It seems funny going home."

He didn't want to go home. He wanted to keep on flying. You heard so many stories like that. And when you heard them, you felt that nothing you could do would ever, ever be enough.

At the Clubs, we rarely saw badly wounded boys. Most of them stayed out at the hospital near Cairo in the desert.

Many people have asked me what we did in the hospitals, what the work consisted of besides writing letters for

the men and giving them magazines and cigarettes.

There was a little more to it than that. I remember one incident which illustrates very well the kind of thing Red Cross hospital workers do.

A boy who'd been shot up with ack-ack on one of the missions, was sent down to the general hospital outside Cairo. He was hurt so badly that for a long time they didn't tell him he'd be permanently blind.

When they did, it hit him very hard.

A Suggestion:

After you have finished reading this issue of your American Legion Magazine, wrap it and mail to a relative or a friend in the armed forces in this country. Postal regulations will not permit subscriptions for men overseas unless a specific request is received from the one to whom the magazine is to be sent.

The mailing cost is only 4¢ and your generous action will not only furnish entertainment for our soldiers, sailors and marines—prospective members of The American Legion—but keep before them in an interesting and readable way, the ideals, aims, purposes and programs of our organization.

He wasn't more than twenty-one—young and strong and active, and he'd been an athlete all his life.

In a hospital in a war theater, nurses and doctors don't have much time to give a patient extra attention. One of the Red Cross girls stationed at this hospital, visited the boy every day. She sat and talked to him, explaining to him what the sounds around him meant, describing for him the people whose voices he heard, telling him what the ward looked like.

She brought him a radio so that he had something to listen to during the long night-like days. She wrote his letters for him to his wife. And she read him the letters he received. He didn't want his wife to know he wouldn't ever see.

The girl did everything she could to help him adjust himself to his blindness. And it was difficult because he was bitter and afraid. She explained to him how the Red Cross could help him when he got home, how Red Cross people there would teach him braille and how to use his hands.

The boy grew to depend very much on the Red Cross girl. The first time he was able to shave himself alone he waited impatiently for her to come so that he could tell her about it.

And one day, after many weeks, she came through the wards on her regular visits, and into his room and asked him what he needed, what she could bring him today.

"Matches," he said.

"But I brought you matches only yesterday," she smiled. "What do you do with them, eat them?"

"Hell no," said the boy, "People come in to see me and go off with my matches." He laughed. "Things have come to a new low when people will steal from a blind man!"

And because he was able to laugh, the girl knew he had at last adjusted himself to his blindness. Her job was done.

So, when people ask you about Red Cross work overseas and what you did there, you can't think of anything very big or important. All you can think of are a lot of little things. Little things—like talking to a boy who's lonely, and finding another one a place to sleep, buying one a present for his baby, sewing on a button or writing a letter for someone who can't write himself.

Thousands of boys crowd into the Red Cross Clubs in which you work. Visiting the wards, Red Cross hospital workers see hundreds of men a day. But what it all comes down to is doing the little ordinary everyday things for these soldiers which their families would do for them if they were at home.

BANANA OIL!

BY STANLEY S. JACOBS

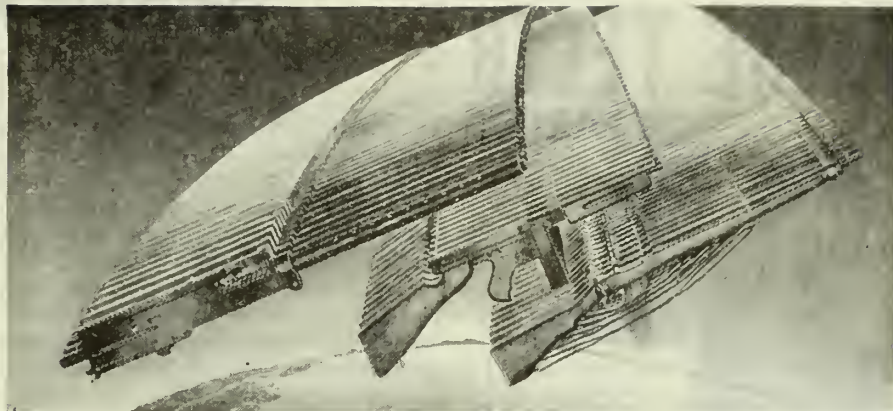
THAT the wily Jap had his eye fixed gluttonously on markets in the English-speaking countries was known even before Pearl Harbor. But a souvenir from Kiska, sent home by Lieutenant Colonel John R. Pascoe who served with the Yank forces which re-captured Kiska, is mute evidence of the Jap implementation of their designs on British-American trade.

Colonel Pascoe's souvenir, sent to his wife in San Francisco, was a can of shoe oil—a necessary product for footwear in the Aleutian cold where even top-grade leather cracks in low temperatures, unless protected by oil. The label was printed in a Jap's version of snappy American advertising copy:

"This product is finally perfected as skis-shoe oil resulted in our study of many years. It is absolutely containing the essential materials to preserves and softens skis-shoes leathers, etc.

"The principal ingredient is consist of oil that the complex compound of ester obtained from the epidemics and hairs of animals; and moulon oil which obtained from the inside of chamois skins.

"This is the best and reliable leather oil which is produced under the approvals of the authorities of many skiers and mountaineers. Apply equally and smoothly with the brush attached."



More than 2 MILLION made by SAVAGE to Back the Boys Overseas

Our fighting men are doing a job unsurpassed in history. And they know how important it is to have superior weapons—and plenty of them.

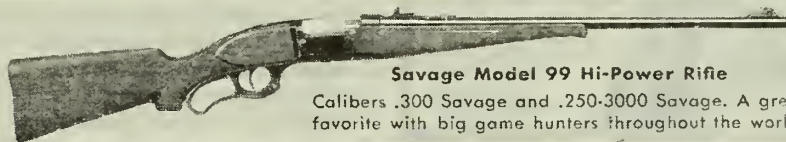
Savage is producing large quantities of these military small arms, as indicated by the following letter from the Army Air Forces, Office of Chief of Ordnance:

"I congratulate all members of your organization on the fact Savage Arms Corporation plants in Utica, New York, and Chicopee Falls, Mass., have produced more than 2,000,000 military small arms

weapons. This is truly a great record. . . You produced not only the required numbers of these arms, but they have been proven most dependable in battle."

The same skill employed in war production will assure outstanding peacetime values in Savage sporting arms. Savage Arms Corporation. Plants at Utica, N.Y., and Chicopee Falls, Mass. Manufacturer of Savage, Stevens and Fox Sporting Arms.

SAVAGE



Savage Model 99 Hi-Power Rifle

Calibers .300 Savage and .250-3000 Savage. A great favorite with big game hunters throughout the world.

5,000,000 pints of blood!!

. . . that's the quota set for the American Red Cross during 1944. Civilian blood donations reduced to life-saving plasma are used by our combat forces on the high seas and every front.

The American Legion backs this vital work of the Red Cross. More than 50,000 members are blood donors. Make an appointment with your local Red Cross now. Save a life overseas!



***OCULENS...**
Scientifically processed, ground and polished sunglasses filter out sun-glare without squinting, blurring or masking your vision—unlike ordinary sunglasses! You'll see the difference with smartly styled OCULENS. For sports or street wear. Get a pair today!

Oculens TRADE MARK
COMPTON
COMPANY
NEW YORK
CLEAN VISION SUNGLASSES

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If your address has been changed since paying your 1944 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department, The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. Also tell your Post Adjutant what you are doing.

GIVE ALL INFORMATION BELOW

NEW ADDRESS

Name
(Please Print)

Street Address, etc.

City State

1944 Membership Card No.

Post No. State Dept.

OLD ADDRESS

Street Address, etc.

City State

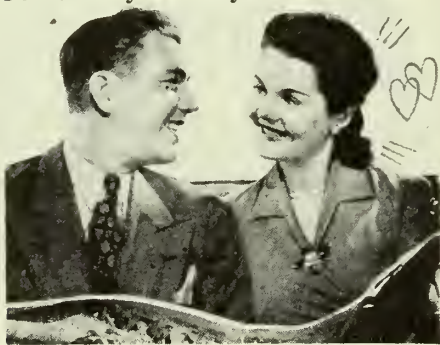
FALSE TEETH WEARERS



AT 5:30, do you get an ear to kiss instead lips? Maybe it's . . . Denture Breath. You may not know your breath offends, but others do. Be careful. Don't brush your dentures with ordinary cleansers . . . it's difficult to reach all the tiny crevices—and besides you are apt to scratch your plate. These scratches cause food particles and film to collect faster and cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.



What's more . . . your plate material is 60 times softer than natural teeth, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And besides, the safe Polident way is so easy and sure.



Later—Friend Husband is now one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sweet and clean. If you wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe and use Polident every day. Used this way, Polident helps maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate for less than 1¢ a day. Get Polident at any drug counter, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

Use POLIDENT Daily
TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES
CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

FIGHTING FRENCHMEN

(Continued from page 27)

France and into Nazi Germany proper."

Instinctively, everyone in the gutted structure ducked as a shell shrieked and burst in the building second on our right. The major sighed, settled down deeper in the heap of rubble on which he had been sitting, and continued:

"So completely successful was the functioning of this underground communication training program that when reorganization and equipping was accomplished with the aid of the United States, the signal contingent of which I am a member was considered ready for action without further schooling in the intricacies of military communication methods. A two-fold purpose was accomplished in the months before Allied invasion forces struck at Africa from three different points. Under the very noses of the enemy agents, the system operated successfully, disguised as commercial enterprise in key towns and cities in Africa, with outward obvious emphasis on civilian radio, telephone and telegraph traffic. Prior to the actual landings at Casablanca, Oran and Algiers, one lone French radio unit was credited with handling more than 2,000,000 groups of strictly military traffic. On the surface, this traffic would appear to be normal routine non-military matter.

"Those few officials charged with keeping communications alive for the French army negotiated miraculous escapes from occupied France of highly-skilled civilian technicians in the fields of radio and wire. Individuals possessing a wide background in communications mysteriously disappeared during the months immediately after the armistice, and later turned up in Africa. These men were fitted into important positions in the secret training scheme and acted in the capacity of instructors for lesser skilled men and women who were being recruited daily. Both sexes were well repre-

sented—most of them cognizant that one day they would again serve in uniform and employ their abilities against the enemy under fire . . . see how right they were? Those men you saw on the hillside yesterday . . . they were in on the secret training, right from the beginning."

Lighting an American cigarette, the French major punctuated his next remarks with trails of wispy blue smoke:

"Fully three-fourths of the communication unit you now see in the line received their training thusly."

He then told of the workings of a radio net that comprised a vast territorial section in the summer and fall of 1942. Most of the details of the radio program will have to await the end of the war before they can be divulged because of the secret nature of its functioning, but the system bound remnants of a nation still staggering from a near-mortal blow.

"Line construction crews labored by day and by night in the rough mountainous terrain of French Morocco, ostensibly building and maintaining lines for railway, telephone and telegraph companies. These teams laid countless miles of wire to establish smooth-working permanent nets, then dismantled the miniature systems to move to new localities and repeat the entire process. This was done repeatedly until each individual member of the crew became so skilled in his particular tasks that the peak of efficiency and coordination was achieved.

"Other personnel were planted in telegraph, telephone and teletype offices where civilian traffic was accepted and transmitted. Separate traffic logs were kept—one for normal commercial business, the other for secret military traffic. The military logs were maintained with the utmost care and remained well-guarded against discovery by the enemy.


"Naturally, the cloak of secrecy was cast aside when the Allied forces came






for MEMORIAL DAY

U. S. FLAG SETS FOR HOME USE



STREET TYPE



LAWN TYPE

Every Legionnaire should have an American flag to display on Memorial Day and other patriotic holidays. Primarily as a matter of service to those who are interested, we offer these fine quality, guaranteed flag sets at very moderate prices. You will find just the flag set you have been wanting—and at a price you can afford to pay.

Street Sets—This popular type flag set consists of pole, flag and metal pole socket designed to be cemented into the sidewalk at the edge of the curb. Available in a number of combinations.

STYLE BB—3' x 5' fast color, Reliance brand cotton U. S. flag with dyed stars and sewed stripes. The jointed, two-piece wooden pole is 12' x 1½" in diameter, and is made of western fir, and is equipped with ball at the top. The complete set, flag, pole with halyards and screw eyes, and one 8" cast iron Broadway sidewalk holder, with

non-rusting brass screw cap, price, f.o.b. New York City..... **\$340**

STYLE B—3' x 5' fast color, Defiance brand (U. S. Government quality) cotton U. S. flag, with sewed stars and sewed stripes, with complete equipment identical with the set Style BB, price f.o.b. New York City..... **\$430**

Lawn Sets—Here is a deluxe flag outfit, designed for displaying in your front yard. Each set consists of pole, flag and special lawn type socket.

No. 1 LAWN SET—This deluxe flag set consists of a 2½' x 4' Artglo heavy rayon taffeta silk American flag, with sewed stripes and dyed stars, a two-piece 10' white enameled pole, 1¼" in diameter, with a substantial metal joint, and a specially designed park lawn socket with brass screw cap. The complete set is boxed in a substantial shipping-storage container, which makes for convenience and safe

care of the flag when not in use. Price complete, f.o.b. New York City..... **\$725**

No. 2 LAWN SET—This beautiful flag set is identical with set No. 1, excepting that the 2½' x 4' flag is a high-grade, fine-quality Sterling all-wool bunting, with sewed stripes and sewed stars. Set is also packed in a substantial shipping-storage container. Complete, f.o.b. New York City **\$600**

Special Order Form

Please ship the following flag sets C.O.D.:

.....Style BB Street Sets @ \$3.40 Total \$.....
Style B Street Sets @ \$4.30 Total \$.....
No. 1 Lawn Sets . . . @ \$7.25 Total \$.....
No. 2 Lawn Sets . . . @ \$6.00 Total \$.....

EMBLEM DIVISION, National Headquarters
 The American Legion, Indianapolis 6, Indiana

Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....
 Serial No. of 1944 Membership card is.....

PAZO RELIEVES THE TORTURE OF SIMPLE PILES



LATER I'M SO THANKFUL, PAZO BROUGHT RELIEF FROM PAIN



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

LARGE PHARMACEUTICAL HOUSE with branches in Latin America, offers unusual opportunity to several young men, to train for positions abroad. Must have broad Sales and Advertising background and facility for languages; export experience desirable. Detail fully education, experience, special training, age, draft status and salary expectancy. Statement of Availability required. Sterling Products, International, Inc. 120 Astor Street, Newark 5, N. J.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Store Route Plan PAYS BIG MONEY

SELL COUNTER CARD PRODUCTS

Build a good-paying business of your own. Call on dealers of all kinds; show nationally-advertised Aspirin, Vitamins, Cosmetics and 200 other necessities. Big 6c and 10c retail packages, high quality. Attractive counter displays sell goods fast. Free book gives amazing facts. Write!

World's Products Co., Dept. 13-T, Spencer, Ind.



ashore on the African continent. In some instances, the secretly-maintained and operated radio and wire installations were turned over intact to American and British operators after brief token resistance, and were subsequently employed in the handling of actual tactical traffic."

The major traced the days up to the beginning of the Tunisian campaign, telling how French signal personnel more often worked out of uniform than in. He pointed out that this was equally true of women as well as men, and that the girls many times came under shell-fire and numerous bombing attacks in the performance of their duties in the forward areas.

"There was one woman—Lieutenant X. Disclosing her actual name would result in German reprisals. Her home prior to the invasion of France was at Oran. She entered the battered city of Tunis only a few hours after its fall. With a team of 41 girls, many of whom have husbands and relatives still living in occupied France, this officer maintained a radio net linking Gafsa, Sfax, Sousse, Tebessa, Gabes and Tunis itself, for almost three months. It required this length of time for the rehabilitation and building of permanent wire routes by the line construction teams.

"Lieutenant X joined the secret communication movement late in 1940 and received her training under the expert guidance of a well-known French civilian communications specialist.

"Similarly, telephone switchboard units consisting of many 'teen age French girls worked in Tunis before the surrender of the remnants of Rommel's army on Cap Bon. They took over and operated exchanges in buildings still mined and subjected frequently to fierce aerial bombings."

Eight percent of the signal unit are women, the major said, contending that with the possible exception of construction teams, the women are in every case doing the work of men. Their various duties include switchboard operation, teletype, radio, interpreting, stenography, and even truck driving.

"All our officers are French-born. Most saw previous combat either in France, or in the North African campaign. For the most part, non-commissioned officers of the unit were battle-tried before coming into action here in Italy. At least 60 percent of our non-commissioned officers were in on the secret training program at the outset."

In its present location the unit is finding that the training schedule it was put through before engaging the enemy is more than worthwhile, for weather and terrain conspired to increase anticipated difficulties a hundredfold. Wire sections that trained diligently in Morocco now are having to lay their precious strands almost straight up the walls of peaks whose tops are obscured by con-

stant fog and mist. Mules have been employed, when available, but of necessity most of the wire had to be laid by hand, with reels packed on the backs of soldiers. Despite the ruggedness of terrain, picked crews have frequently laid up to 60 kilometers of wire a day through mountain passes, over raging rain-swelled streams, and across rocky gorges and canyons.

Shell-fire presents a never-ceasing source of trouble, for as rapidly as lines



are installed, they are blown out. Areas in which the line sections are compelled to work are under constant German observation from higher ground. Trouble-shooting crews have been out for as long as 22 hours trying to locate and repair a solitary fault.

The French force for which the signal unit provides communication represents the first expeditionary effort of the Republic in this war. Significant is the fact that the fighting force was conceived, trained and equipped in an actual theater of operations. Today it represents the highest French military quarters in the North African theater.

Equipment used by the signal unit is almost exclusively American, with the exception of a few French-manufactured switchboard exchanges. Operating under higher Allied headquarters, the problem of language has had to be considered carefully to prevent undue time delay in the transmission and receipt of messages. An American Signal Corps detachment operates with the unit and functions, to a certain extent, as a liaison group to expedite such traffic as might be destined for Allied attention or action.

Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark, commanding general of the Fifth Army, has been, and is, high in his praise of the French signal communication personnel of this expeditionary force. On his numerous inspections of the forward areas, he has been known to take the time and trouble to converse with line-men and other enlisted personnel.

"An instance of this nature occurred near the town of Scapole," the little major recalled. It was just after we had taken the town, and General Clark came upon one of our French teams laying line under fire. Corporal Edouard Mahe was in charge, and replied to the General's questions readily.

"Later," the major said, "Corporal Mahe told me that General Clark possessed an 'astounding knowledge' of communication problems in the field."

The major got slowly to his feet at the insistent jangling of a telephone bell in the next room. Adjusting his helmet strap as he returned through the doorway, he concluded:

"Your American equipment is superb. Our men are determined and thankful for the chance you have given us. With the help of God, one day we shall be stringing wire and operating radios within the pre-war boundaries of Germany herself."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Lieut. Dowell, Signal Corps, is a native of Portland, Oregon, is a graduate of the University of Washington, 1938, and of Officer Candidate School. Prior to receiving his commission, he was with the United Press in Canada and Alaska.

BOOKS RECEIVED

AS A service to the men and women now in uniform and to their families, as well as to the Legionnaires who want to keep advised of this global war, we will list in this column all new books pertaining to the present war (except fiction and verse) that are sent to our offices by their publishers. All such books will be added to the reference library of the Legion Magazine which comprises one of the most complete First World War libraries in the country.

ALFRED, AHOY! (Cartoons of a goofy gob) by Foster Humfrey. Robert M. McBride & Co., 116 E. 16th St., New York 3, N. Y. \$1.00.

PRIVATE BREGER'S WAR—An album of cartoons from Britain and the War Fronts—by Dave Breger. Random House, Inc., 20 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y. \$2.00.

ERNIE PYLE IN ENGLAND. Robert M. McBride & Co., 116 E. 16th St., New York City. \$1.49.

HE'S IN THE DESTROYERS NOW by Lt. Comdr. William Exton, Jr. Robert M. McBride & Co., 116 E. 16th St., New York City. \$2.75.

TRIUMPH OF TREASON (The fall of France and its aftermath) by Pierre Cot. Ziff-Davis Publ. Co., 420 N. Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill. \$3.50.

HOWDY SOLDIER! by Gladys Hinds and Alberta Hinds Tate. M. S. Mill Co., Inc., 286 Fifth Av., New York City. \$1.00.

AIR WORLD—The Geography of Global War and Peace—by Elvon L. Howe. University of Denver Press, Denver 10, Colo. Limited edition, 50c.

For Men and Women
in Uncle Sam's
Uniform
Dog Tag Doings
See Page 22



"Instead of fans, I use Sir Walter Raleigh smoke rings"

**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"



WE MATCH PANTS
To Any Suit!
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants, 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.
SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
209 S. State St. Dept. 458 Chicago

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT February 29, 1944

Assets	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$1,061,941.55
Accounts Receivable	104,446.58
Inventories	132,546.20
Invested funds	3,141,417.10
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	225,835.15
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	121,343.09
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	44,362.31
Deferred charges	50,631.21
	\$4,882,523.19

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current Liabilities	\$ 114,327.31
Funds restricted as to use.....	43,717.75
Deferred revenue	716,067.07
Permanent Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	225,835.15
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital	\$3,101,360.97
Unrestricted Capital ..	681,214.94
	\$3,782,575.91
	\$4,882,523.19

DONALD G. GLASCOFF, National Adjutant

due to travel motion,
NAUSEA RELIEVED
with the aid of
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
aids in quieting
the nervous system
THE WORLD OVER

Relieve Pinch And Torture Of Tight Shoes

When burning feet cry out with agony from all-day standing—when shoes that pinch nearly drive you crazy—try this wonderful, soothing powder that works like magic to bring blissful foot relief. Just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes and sing with joy when tired, burning feet lose their sting and pain. For over 50 years, millions of people have found happy relief and real foot comfort with Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't wait! Get a package today. Try this easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.



Free Catalog Just Off the Press!

Fully illustrated, showing special footwear and clothing for fishermen and campers, also special fishing tackle.

L. L. Bean, Inc.
Freeport 63, Maine
Mfrs. Fishing and
Camping Specialties

FALSE TEETH KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists.... If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

© I. P. INC.
KLUTCH CO., Box 3152-E, ELMIRA, N. Y.

AND STILL QUEEN OF BATTLES

(Continued from page 19)

more for these armored units than he believed they could accomplish.

Billy Mitchell, in this country, General Douhet, in Italy, and other air enthusiasts in other countries, in a justifiable endeavor to bring about adequate air development also made claims beyond the ability of aviation.

All of this new and interesting discussion naturally received a great deal of attention from the press and other sources of public opinion. However, in this country, Britain and France the growth of pacifism and internationalism, coupled with the high and increasing cost of adequate modern armament caused a reduction in armament instead of a modernization on the right principles. In these three countries it was not a question of first finding out what national defense really needed and then providing the necessary funds, but of fixing a relatively small sum as the maximum amount to be appropriated in any one year.

Then the different parts of the armed forces naturally struggled with one another, each trying to obtain a sum which they knew would be far less than that necessary for efficiency but which would keep them going. When our air service, through a Board presided over by the former Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, finally got a relatively small increase to be made over a period of five years in equal instalments, it was understood that none of these instalments were to be gotten by further decreases in the Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery, already far below the minimum provided by the 1920 National Defense Act. Despite this, in each of the five years in which those increments were given to the air force it was carried out by corresponding reductions in the strength of the Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery.

In France the followers of DeGaulle, who justly advocated more and better armored forces and a more modern aviation, proposed to get what they wanted by cutting down the none too numerous other arms.

In Britain the Regular Army consisted of only five regular divisions stationed in Britain and nineteen territorial divisions not as well armed, equipped and trained as our National Guard divisions.

Meanwhile Germany carefully and not always too secretly prepared to go to war with a large, modern air force, with a considerable force of armored divisions, but also with a tremendous force of infantry supported by field artillery.

This writer has seen secret French reports dated 1936, 1937 and 1938, giving many of the details and warning of the danger.

When the time came the first blow was struck at Poland. Our public was

captivated with the quick fall of that country and the part played by the German aviation and armored forces.

It was told very little about three important facts: First, that the Polish army was not as modernly equipped and armed as it should have been. Second, that the Polish leadership had entirely underestimated the tremendous power of the Germans, to the extent that they were planning to take the offensive against Germany. Third, that the Ger-

had had nine armored Divisions instead of three, each of less strength than a German one, France would have been defeated.

This because of the lack of ordinary marching infantry Divisions.

There were runaways, of course, as is true in every army. There were units here and there which did not meet the test of battle as well as they should have, as is true in every army. The French army did not run away. It met a



"For the last time, Shorty, cut out the double time!"

man army at that time consisted of 212 Divisions of which only nine were armored Divisions, and approximately ten motorized infantry Divisions. The approximately 190 other Divisions were those in which the infantry walked, as usual, while the artillery, with the exception of the anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, was horsed and the divisional trains were also horse-drawn.

The myth of the plane-tank team was strengthened by the highly erroneous reports circulated at the time of the fall of France.

It is true that the German aviation was more modern, had better tactics and strategy, and was stronger than that of the French, Belgian, Dutch and such British air forces as operated in France. However, out of the 125 German Divisions which struck the first blow, only nine were armored Divisions and ten were motorized infantry Divisions. The balance were the walking infantry Divisions described above.

This writer has a large scale map from official French sources showing the advance of every German armored Division for every day of the campaign. He has the positions of the French troops from day to day. He has the targets attacked by the German aviation throughout the campaign. He has the testimony of many officers of various branches of the service and many enlisted men, all actual participants in the campaign.

The conclusion is inescapable that, even had the French aviation been on a par with the Germans and the French

force overwhelmingly stronger, which again and again compelled it to retreat, which broke through the weak points of the line and cut up the French forces into fragments which ultimately in most cases, surrounded and out of ammunition, surrendered.

The French had available 61 Divisions to meet this onslaught. There can be added to this eight British Divisions, twenty Belgian, and nine Dutch. The approximately nineteen Divisions in the Maginot fortified line were Fortress Divisions, without mobile artillery or trains and therefore unavailable for field fighting. The seven Divisions, ultimately reduced to four, on the Italian front kept the numerically superior Italian forces from penetrating the French main line of defense.

There were French infantry Divisions of three regiments given as much as 15 to 18 kilometers of front to defend. This with no reserves back of them—obviously an impossible proposition in the face of a stronger force of first class troops.

Also, following the German habitual practice, the German aviation continuously attacked the French infantry, artillery and tanks in battle, instead of flying off over them to bomb objectives in the rear. In general the French and British aviation did the latter.

With all that the French suffered from the superior German aviation and the stronger armored forces of the Germans, the complaint, above every other complaint, of the upper echelons of the French army, was *lack of troops*, which

necessitated assignments of fronts beyond the powers of single Divisions; *lack of troops* meant the absence of reserves necessary to prevent a breakthrough in the weaker parts of a line; *lack of troops* meant lack of Divisions to attack and cut off deep German salients; *lack of troops* to cut off these salients meant their joining in the rear, and thus encircling the French and forcing their ultimate surrender.

Contrast this with the campaign in Russia. There for the first time the German advance failed to bring victory. There for the first time large forces of Germans, generally in salients which they had made by breaking through, as in France, had to surrender.

Always the Russians have had plenty of troops, to do just the things which the French were unable to do because of *lack of troops*. And this has given them the edge over the Germans.

The reason the Russian army has not suffered from lack of troops as did the French is because, as in the German army, there are tremendous masses of soldiers who march and fight on foot.

Lack of troops, primarily infantry, was the reason the French and British were unable to keep the Germans out of Norway. Had the British been successful in this, the sea route to Mur-

OUTFIT NOTICES

SPACE restrictions permit us at present to publish only announcements of scheduled reunions. Let us hope before long we can resume the general service to veterans' organizations that this magazine has rendered since its first issue on July 4, 1919.

Details of the following reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

Soc. of 28TH DIV.—Annual Memorial Services, 28th Div. Memorial Shrine, Bolsburg, Centre County, Pa., Sun., May 21, 1 p.m. Wm. A. Miller, 2736 Boas St., Harrisburg, Pa.

RAINBOW (42d) Div. VETS. Assoc.—Annual natl. convention, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Ill., July 13-15. Frank E. Gould, natl. reunion chmn., 6 N. Michigan Av., Chicago.

Co. M, 126TH INF.—Annual reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., Sat., June 10. Walter McVeigh, 1010 Elliott St., SE, (phone 3-2006), Grand Rapids.

310TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Syracuse, N. Y., in July. For details, write John P. Riley, 151 Wendell St., Providence, R. I.

VETS. 314TH INF.—Annual reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 22-24. Geo. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlost St., Philadelphia, Pa.

282d AERO SQDRN., AEF—5th annual reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, July 29-30. Wm. W. Boyle, 153 1/2 Third St., NW, Barberton, Ohio.

304TH M. G. BN.—25th reunion, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, May 20. J. Griffin Coman, % Clubhouse.

415TH R. R. TEL. BN., S. C.—Special meeting, Howard Ures Ship, 1765 Howard Av., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 17. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell St., Chicago.

18TH Co., 2d OTC, Ft. SHERIDAN, 1917—25th reunion, Chicago, Ill., during spring. For details, write T. J. Leary, 7141 Jeffrey Av., Chicago 49.

302d SAN. TRN. ASSOC.—Reunion, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, Sat., May 27, 7:30 p.m. I. Bregoff, secy., 70 Pine St., New York City.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—25th USAAC convention, Philadelphia, Pa., July 15. Wilbur P. Hunter, 5321 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—13th annual reunion, in vicinity of Shamokin, Pa., Aug. 5-6. For details, write W. M. Gaskin, secy., P.O. Box 161, Smithfield, N. C.

SWEEPING THE COUNTRY! THIS NEW NATURAL WAY TO KEEP REGULAR




JUICE OF 1 LEMON


IN A GLASS OF WATER


FIRST THING ON ARISING

Assures normal regularity for most people. And it's good for you! Over 8,000,000 now take lemons for health.

This simple health drink, lemon and water, in most cases makes harsh laxatives wholly unnecessary.

If you are like most people, you'll find that lemon and water, *taken first thing on arising*, insures prompt, normal elimination day after day. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

A healthful habit. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, supply valuable

amounts of B₁ and P. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Lemon and water has a refreshing tang, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.

Try this morning health drink ten days. Juice of one lemon in a glass of water *first thing when you get up*.

P. S. Some prefer the juice of one lemon in a half glass of water with 1/4 to 1/2 teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.



BUY MORE
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

Keep regular the *Healthful* way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Don't wait! If your feet itch, or if the skin between your toes is peeling, raw or cracked—it may be Athlete's Foot! Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi on contact; helps heal irritated skin. Liquid or Ointment. Only 50c at your Drug, Shoe, or Department Store.



Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

Itching
Feet and
Toes

PULVEX Combination
WORM CAPSULES
Expel
TAPE, ROUND (Ascarid)
HOOK AND WHIP WORMS 50¢



**PERSONALIZED
PHOTOGRAPHIC STATIONERY**
THAT CARRIES YOUR PHOTOGRAPH
Now... you can make your letters to that boy or girl in service and to friends at home like a "personal visit" when you use rich, two-fold Photographic Stationery with life-like photograph of yourself at the top. A marvelous morale builder. Ideal gift with a friend's picture.
SPECIAL OFFER—Just send \$1.00 with photo, snapshot or negative for our Special Box of Photographic Stationery. Photo returned.
NATIONAL PHOTO ART, Dept. 265, Janesville, Wis.

BINGO!

Specials—1500s—7 Colors
Specials—1500s—10 Colors
Specials 5, 6 or 7 to the

Pad
Black and Red Markers
Admission Tickets
Attendance Prize
Coupons
Cages—While They Last
Catalin Markers

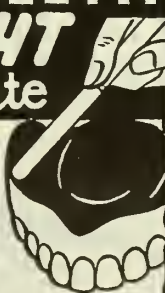
write for
FREE CATALOG
HARRY LEVITS

Dept. AL, 131 W. 14th St., N. Y. C.



FALSE TEETH FIT TIGHT with Dentyte

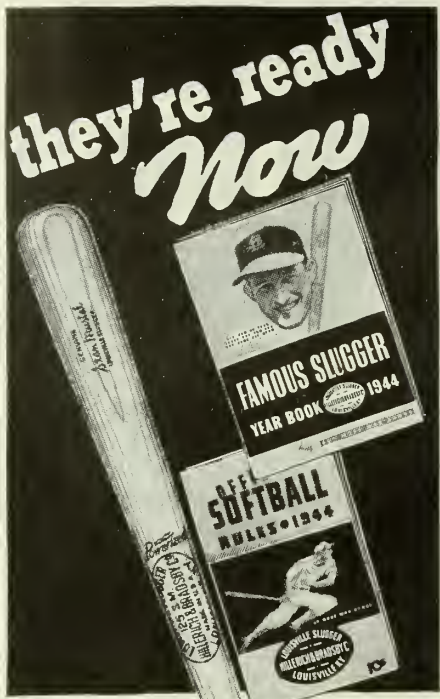
Soften DENTYTE by warming—spread it on your plate—put in mouth and bite to make a perfect impression. Remove plate—and allow few minutes to "set". You get an absolutely perfect fit. Sore gums vanish—no more slipping or loose teeth. DENTYTE is firm but resilient. Each lining lasts for months. Immediately removable with fingers. Full size jar—(a year's undreamed of comfort per plate), postpaid only
Positively Guaranteed



\$1 Send dollar bill at our risk. Easy to order. Easy to use.

Agents wanted everywhere

Dental Products Corp., Dept. AL-145, Manheim, Pa.



ask your dealer

H & B's famous books on Baseball and Softball are ready NOW — at your dealer's. See him for your copies or write direct to Department L-21, Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Louisville 2, Ky. Enclose 5c in coin or stamps for the Famous Slugger Year Book and 10c for Softball Rules.

Louisville SLUGGER BATS
FOR BASEBALL & SOFTBALL

New VITAMINIZED CHOCOLATE!

IT'S SO EASY AND ENJOYABLE TO GET YOUR VITAMINS NOW . . . NO BIG "CHOKING" CAPSULES TO TAKE!

ALL THESE VITAMINS IN EVERY BAR
A . . . 4000 I.U.
B1 . . . 1 Mg.
B2 . . . 2 Mg.
D . . . 400 I.U.
These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U. S. Gov't

Enjoy your Vitamins . . . let them melt in your mouth! Don't bother with pills or capsules. Eat delicious VITA-SERT every day . . . and get those needed Vitamins. There's good health and good eating in every bar. Make VITA-SERT a daily treat. Buy at any food, drug or candy counter!

VitaSert
THE VITAMIN DESSERT
COOK CHOCOLATE CO. Chicago

mansk would have been safe from German sea and air attack.

With bases in Norway the past several months, American and British aviation would have been in a much more effective position to bomb Germany. Look at the map!

Lack of troops caused the British to be driven out of Greece and Crete. Look at the map and see what a difference that would have made.

With enough ground troops the Balkans could have been successfully invaded. Failing that, air bases could have been established in Greece and in the Aegean Islands.

Then Turkey probably would have entered the war, and at least some of Hitler's Balkan satellites would have sued for peace long before this.

From the beginning of the Egyptian and Libyan campaigns up to the Battle of El Alamein the British lacked sufficient ground troops and relied too much on tanks and aviation operating more or less independently.

El Alamein, which was decisive, as afterwards only remnants of the German and Italian forces remained in ex-

istence, owed its success primarily to a break-through by the British infantry.

They began it the night of October 23d and after hard fighting to include the night of Nov. 1-2, they finished it.

Then and then only did the British armored forces really enter the fight. Of course the British artillery and aviation played an important preparatory and supporting part.

But without the heavy fighting of the British infantry there would have been no decisive victory at El Alamein.

When the day comes to land on the Continent of Europe to establish the Second Front the infantry as in Africa, Sicily, Salerno, Nettuno, Makin, Tarawa, Eniwetok will be the first to wade ashore and push inland leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind them.

Our success will not be measured by how far the artillery can shell or the aviator bomb the enemy, but by the line held by the infantry.

Today while the infantry is less than one-fifth of our Army, its losses have been several times those of any other arm and total more than half our battle losses.

A BOND TO BUY TODAY

(Continued from page 32)

are seated in a private room to the left of the picture where they can see and hear the entire program and yet not be visible to the audience. The presentation of the Legion's Gold Star Certificate is made privately in this room.

"The service procedure is as follows: A printed program is handed to each person at the door and uniformed Legionnaires act as ushers. Promptly at the designated hour those participating in the service are ushered in one group to their seats while a soft prelude musical number is played. The colors are advanced, two musical numbers are given, followed by an address not exceeding fifteen minutes, after which there are two musical numbers, thirty seconds of silence, Taps and the echo. The entire service lasts about forty-five minutes.

"It may be that some other Posts would be interested in securing additional information. This may be had by writing direct to Legionnaire Lyle G. Rice, Brighton, Colorado."

25-Year Veterans

IT was a redletter event for Corporal Harry E. Nelson Post of Wakefield, Massachusetts, when at a special 25-year anniversary meeting thirty-six of its members were presented with certificates attesting their unbroken member-

ship in the Legion for a full quarter of a century. Those honored were: John M. Anderson, Arthur G. Beyea, Leon A. Blanchard, Gray B. Brockbank, Charles W. Classen, James Costello, Daniel J. Desmond, Cyrus M. Dolbeare, Nathan W. Eaton, Jr., John Findlay, Jr., Beatrice M. Fuller, Arthur A. Fulton, Edward E. Hickey, Samuel B. Horovitz, James P. Inman, Ernest W. Jackson, Vilhelm H. Jappe, Ernest E. Johnson, Thomas F. Kenney, William A. Knipe, Bessie M. Leach, George A. Leach, David Martin, Clarence N. MacKay, Harold A. McCann, Guiseppe Puleo, Ira W. Richardson, George H. Rowell, Thomas B. Stewart, William A. Stewart, Eugene J. Sullivan, Patrick Walsh, Edward Hazen Walton, William L. Wenzel, Herman C. Wheeler, and Theodore Whitney.

Here's An Offer

THE first members of the armed forces of these United States hailing from Broadview, a suburb of Chicago, Illinois, who notify the home folks of their arrival at Berlin or Tokyo are to be rewarded with hundred-dollar War Bonds. That is the offer made by Broadview Post of the Legion through its commander, Hugh B. Sappington.

Literally under the shadow of the great veterans' hospital at Hines, and

**National Convention, The American Legion
At Chicago, Sept. 18-20**

within the confines of the territory from whence departed the Maywood Tank Corps that later won immortality on Bataan, Broadview folks know the heart-aches, the suffering and the miseries of war as only can those who have suffered its losses. "This is not a publicity stunt," said Commander Sappington. "We mean only to stimulate an interest in the progress of our home boys in the armed forces."

1,000th Member

A LOT of Posts and Departments have rung up new all-time high membership records this year—some are late in reporting. Andrew Plewacki Post of Buffalo, New York, joined the 1,000-member class on February 15th, when the application of Stanley Milewski,

World War II veteran and the 76th of his class to join, was accepted. The Post is noted as a go-getter—a goal of 1,500 members has been set for 1944, with the expectation this objective will be taken before the county convention in June.

Proof of Delivery

LAST year Variety Post of Cleveland, Ohio, coöperating with the Cleveland Press, raised \$43,000 to send 18,000,000 cigarettes to the fighting men overseas. Proof of delivery is being received by the Post, the newspaper, and the donors. More than 200 letters have been received by Aaron D. Wayne, Variety Post Commander, and some of the donors have received empty packs bearing the Variety Post-Press stickers.

BOYD B. STUTLER.

WHEN SAM GOT TOUGH

(Continued from page 29)

Faris's torturers had been "degraded" from their offices and there would be an "investigation."

Thayer replied that no "investigation" was necessary, and that no amount of "degrading" would suffice. Let every one of Faris's torturers be sent to prison, and let a fine be collected from among them to go to Faris as compensation. Thayer would start for Osiut, he told the minister, and stay there until the job was done.

It was done. All thirteen of the torturers were imprisoned for a year and the combined fines collected and turned over to Faris totaled over \$5,000. And President Abraham Lincoln was so pleased at the outcome that he wrote a letter to Mohammed Said Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, complimenting him on his excellent international manners.

Thus in 1861 the arm of the United States was long enough to reach into Upper Egypt to promptly and thoroughly avenge a non-American Syrian who was lucky enough to be associated with an American philanthropic enterprise.

People have sometimes said that we put up with a great deal from England before we went to war with her in 1812. We did. We were a nation of infantile weakness and England was the world's largest, richest and best organized empire. We put up with a great deal from England because we had to. Yet, even at that we went to war with her in the end without the remotest chance of doing any real damage to a world power which Napoleon himself had not been able to hurt. Our ancestors proceeded on the principle of the pugnacious king-bird which plunges at the hawk to worry her and scare her off.

Most Americans are familiar with the story of the *Alabama*, the *Shenandoah** and other privateers fitted out in Eng-

land and to prey upon the merchant shipping of the United States in the Civil War. Having her hands full with the Confederates, the Government had to content itself with filing protests against this treatment. A court of arbitration sitting some years after Appomattox ordered Britain to pay the United States Government \$15,000,000 in gold for these depredations.

Those historians are demonstrably right who say that our ancestors hated standing armies and large navies, but dearly loved to do a lot of amateur skirmishing around with their own personal rifles on their own more or less individual accounts. They were highly anti-militaristic, but highly aggressive. And they were at their happiest in both these qualities during their conquest of Spanish Florida in 1816-18, at a time when the United States was officially at peace with Spain.

Our Florida frontier then, like our western frontiers of later years, was tormented by disorders and raids. Florida Indians and Florida Negroes would come across into Georgia and Alabama to plunder and kill. The Spanish authorities of Florida were unable or unwilling to prevent these occurrences.

We prevented them in a manner that led Spain to hasten to "sell" Florida to us and to get out of its Florida difficulties with as much dignity as possible and a little cash.

In 1816 we went down onto Spanish soil in Florida and totally destroyed the Indian and Negro headquarters on the Appalachicola River.

In 1818 the War Department put Andrew Jackson in charge of the Florida frontier. He raised volunteers in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. He had only 600 Regulars. The rest of

* See *The Last Confederate*, American Legion Magazine, June, 1942.



\$6.50 \$8.50

Other styles \$5.50

Douglas "Down-to-the-Wood" construction assures you better fit.

W. L. Douglas Shoes

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROCKTON 15, MASS.

Stores in Principal Cities
Good Dealers Everywhere

★ BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY! ★

SOLDIERS, SAILORS & WAR WORKERS



Your Watch with a Broken Crystal Is Useless

—Exposed to Damage from Glass and Dust.

PROTECT YOUR WATCH—Avoid costly repairs—Go to any jeweler—ask for a G-S FLEXO CRYSTAL 100% BREAK-PROOF—Any size—Any shape. Can be fitted while you wait. Mfgs. of military water-proof watches, gauges, instruments now use G-S FLEXO CRYSTALS —100% BREAK-PROOF.

Inquiries invited from manufacturers.

GERMANOW-SIMON MACH. CO. Rochester, N. Y.

*The
Rum of
Delicious
Flavor*



RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

**HORROCKS
IBBOTSON**



There's magic in the words . . . "Let's go fishing" . . . magic which ONLY the great out-of-doors brings.

Perhaps this year your "big trip" will have to wait. Go fishing anyway! . . . There are plenty of places close to home.

But . . . no matter where you go, use H-I tackle and lures. You'll catch more fish.

HORROCKS-IBBOTSON CO., UTICA, N. Y.

his little force of 2000 men came with their own guns and their own horses, full of an anti-militaristic enthusiasm for violating the "sovereignty" and the "territorial integrity" of Spain.

Jackson lost no time in getting onto Spanish soil. He captured the Spanish town of St. Marks and there found the ringleaders of the Indians—a chief named Francis and a chief named Himollomico. They were Spanish subjects. They were also murderers and torturers of subjects of the United States. Jackson hanged them at once.

He then destroyed the chief remaining lair of the border assassins—the camp of "Billy Bowlegs" on the Suwannee River. Here he captured Ambrister, an ex-officer of the British Navy, an accomplice of the assassins. He had already captured Arbuthnot, another British subject, charged with the same offense. Arbuthnot he hanged. Ambrister he shot.

Having thus removed the four principal sources of our troubles in Florida, and having thoroughly pacified the country, Jackson prepared to return to the United States. At just that moment, however, the Spanish governor of Florida at Pensacola sent a note to Jackson, which said, "If you do not retire, but persist in your aggressions, I shall repel force by force."

This obliged Jackson to stay in Florida longer than he had intended. He turned immediately west, captured Pensacola, and took possession of the person of the Spanish governor. The virtual end of Spanish rule in Florida had come.

Spain, of course, complained. The government at Washington, of course, gave Pensacola back. But it did not hesitate to say that it was perfectly clear that Spain could not make Florida peaceful, and that therefore the United States would continue to make it peaceful whenever necessary. And Congress approved Jackson's rather personal and private war against Spain by a formal vote.

In 1819 Spain sold Florida to the United States. No more border raids. Peace.

When Jackson got back to Nashville they gave him a banquet and he proposed a toast:

"Our Country! Though forbearance is her maxim, she must show to foreign nations that her rights are not to be outraged."

Americans have on occasion exercised an unusual amount of self-restraint when prudence and diplomacy were vitally necessary to avert a crisis. Had not Commander (later Admiral) Robley D. Evans possessed a power of self-restraint equal to his zeal for jamming his way through obstructions with his two fists, it is more than likely the United States would have been at war with Chile in 1891.

Those were the early days of our

"new" Navy. And a puny navy it was as navies go. Upon the shoulders of Commander Evans there rested for more than a month almost absolute power to avert or precipitate hostilities. Incidentally, it was here that he earned his sobriquet of "Fighting Bob."

American sailors were unpopular ashore at Valparaiso. There had been ugly collisions with the populace before Evans arrived in the gunboat *Yorktown* to join the cruiser *Baltimore*, under Captain (later Admiral) Winfield Scott Schley. Sailors from the *Baltimore* had run into trouble ashore and several had been killed. Unlike Schley, Evans did not believe the Americans were always blameless when knives flashed and fists shot out.

Schley, however, conducted a correspondence with the Chilean authorities by which he sought to prove that his men were all perfectly sober when they were assaulted. After Schley had sailed away under orders, leaving the serious diplomatic crisis, which the killing of the *Baltimore's* men had brought about, in Evans' lap, the little *Yorktown* lay in the harbor with nine Chilean war vessels all about her.

In this situation Evans was forced to play the delicate game of diplomacy while President Benjamin Harrison and Secretary of State James G. Blaine decided in Washington whether it would be peace or war.

Perhaps in all his brilliant career "Bob" Evans rendered no greater service to his country than when his little gunboat was the sole representative of our naval power in Chilean waters, and upon him were being heaped insults and provocations almost unendurable.

Evans boiled with rage, restraining with difficulty an almost uncontrollable impulse to load his guns and let 'em have it. But with his mind in constant turmoil he still kept up the pretense of friendly intercourse with the officers of the Chilean warships, who were watching his every move. He paid official calls, drank ceremonious champagne, and was outwardly as calm and courteous as a silk-stocking ambassador.

One night, however, a single rocket came very near touching off hostilities. The Chileans were celebrating some holiday with fireworks and searchlight drills. The white beams from the Chilean vessels had an impudent way of swinging over to the *Yorktown* where she lay within easy gun range of the Chilean cruisers. One of the cruisers let off a flock of war rockets and one of the heavy bombs barely missed the *Yorktown*.

Evans immediately hoisted a large American flag and turned his searchlights upon it, so that if the Chileans really wanted to hit the gunboat, they would know exactly where to find her. Evans was determined if trouble came no one should be able to say the *York-*

town had accidentally been struck in the dark. The next time the searchlights fell across the *Yorktown* the crew was standing at quarters and the guns were all ready for business. No more rockets came their way.

A few days later, when Evans was stepping into his barge at the quay, some Chilean soldiers above him threw lumps of coal at the flag in the stern. Evans had himself rowed straight to the flagship of the Chilean admiral. He told the officer that unless protection against insults to the American flag and the American commander could be guaranteed, every barge that put off from the *Yorktown* thereafter would have an armed guard in it with orders to shoot under the slightest provocation.

A few nights later Spanish and Chilean revolutionaries, who had taken sanctuary in the home of the American minister at Santiago, and whom the United States had to protect, were smuggled down to Valparaiso by Minister Egan and aboard the *Yorktown*. Evans was warned that an attempt would be made by enraged Chileans to kill the refugees. He quickly placed a guard about the rails of his ships with orders to shoot anyone who approached without proper credentials. A few days later the trouble died down and Evans was ordered to sail with the refugees for Peru.

In December, 1895, following repeated refusals on the part of Great Britain to submit to arbitration a boundary dispute with Venezuela, President Cleveland, invoking the Monroe Doctrine, sent to Congress a message setting forth that fact and asking that he be empowered to appoint a commission of inquiry to determine for the United States the facts of the situation and to act upon them. Lord Salisbury, British Prime Minister, had refused arbitration or any settlement whatever except that which would give the British everything they claimed. Although both the Senate and the House of Representatives were con-

trolled by the Republicans, they voted Mr. Cleveland his commission of inquiry. This step aroused public opinion in Britain against Lord Salisbury, who yielded. The issue was submitted to arbitration, and a situation which might have led to war between the two great English-speaking powers was averted.

Then there was the incident involving Ion H. Perdicaris, well known writer and journalist, an American citizen of Armenian descent, who was kidnapped in Morocco by the brigand, Raisuli.

At this time—1904—France was seeking a free hand in Morocco in return for certain concessions in Egypt, where French and British interests clashed. Raisuli, who had aspirations to depose the Sultan, took this occasion to attack and kidnap foreign residents, who were carried off by night and held as hostages to extort ransom from the Sultan.

Perdicaris was kidnapped from his residence in the outskirts of Tangier and taken for a perilous and exhausting ride to the Raisuli stronghold in the heart of the mountains.

The incident was cabled to Washington by the American consul to Morocco. It quickly aroused the ire of President Theodore Roosevelt, who, on June 22, 1904, through Secretary of State John Hay, cabled a phrase which rang around the world and has since been freely quoted:

"Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead!"

Perdicaris was released two days later, but it cost the Sultan dearly. Raisuli made the conditions as difficult as possible. He was to be appointed by the Sultan as governor of all the districts in the neighborhood of Tangier; would receive \$70,000 in money; all his enemies would be imprisoned and all of his friends released from prison. The Sultan raged, but granted Raisuli's terms.

In the meantime, anticipating further trouble, an American fleet had been dispatched to Tangier. But the matter had been settled before its arrival.

DOG TAG DOINGS

(Continued from page 24)

some quick thinking, he answered, "It's on the other side."

MAJOR Edward A. Y. Schellenger of Merchantville, N. J., who is an Army doctor stationed in a sizable hospital not far from Cairo, Egypt, says this is the funniest memory he expects to bring home from the war.

Major Paul P. Ulrich of Ardmore, Pa., also a doctor in the same hospital, was talking to his native guide on the lengthy tour of the Tombs of the Kings at Luxor. "Why couldn't they have buried these old boys nearer to the hotel?" asked Major Ulrich—who had got up early, flown 400 miles to get there, and to whom the walking around

began to be understandably tiring.

SECOND Lieutenant Helen F. Byerly of Narberth, Pa. (Army nurse) and First Lieutenant Margaret E. Clayton (also A. N. C.) of West Grove, Pa., traveled to Egypt on a British transport that took 42 days en route. A fellow passenger was a French army captain. Arriving at Cairo they were invited to the French captain's apartment for lunch. "Is there anything you especially want?" asked the captain. "Yes, a hot bath. Our camp plumbing doesn't work yet," said Miss Clayton.

"Oh, you Americans are so practical," said the French captain.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

FLAGS

FOR
MEMORIAL DAY

For Legion posts, merchants, business firms, etc. Send today for illustrated free catalogue showing prices on all types and sizes. Individual flags and flag sets in rayon, taffeta, or bunting. We are MANUFACTURERS and our prices are RIGHT. Send NOW for catalogue.

Official Service Flags
Honor your service man with this beautiful service flag in your window. Satin, with yellow fringe—blue star in field of red for each man in service.

ORDER FROM THIS AD

No. 21—Size 7x11" each..... 50c
No. 23—Size 10x15" each..... 75c
No. 24—Size 12x18" each..... \$1.00
No. 25—Size 15x24" each..... \$1.50
(Includes 1 to 5 stars—gold stars also)

ORDER TODAY. Money refunded if not satisfied

REGALIA MFG. CO., Dept. A, Rock Island, Ill.



Special sizes for
Legion Posts,
Lodge Halls,
Churches, etc.

BELL



WATERPROOF

Waterproof, shockproof, radium dial and hands, anti-magnetic, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. JE 121—15 jewels, stainless steel back..... **\$39.75**
No. JE 331—15 jewels, stainless steel case..... **\$49.50**
No. JE 328—17 jewels, SELF-WINDING, stainless steel case..... **\$59.75**

POSTPAID FEO. TAX INCL. • MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "JE"

BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.



PULVEX

FLEA POWDER

ALSO KILLS LICE & TICKS

25¢
AND 50¢

Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, not just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out... tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

MORE SHAVES FROM BLADES

**AMAZING RAZOR
BLADE SHARPENER**



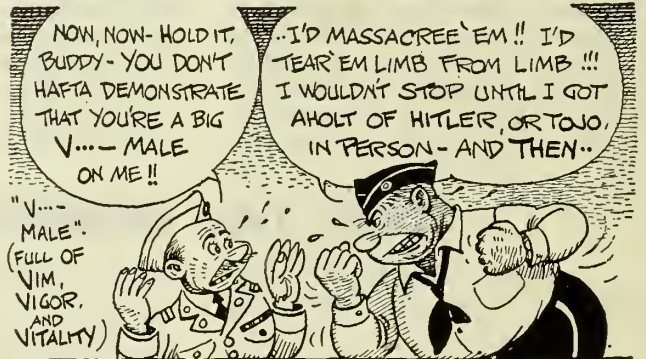
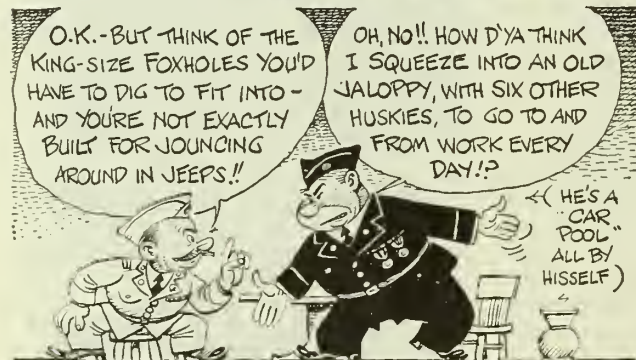
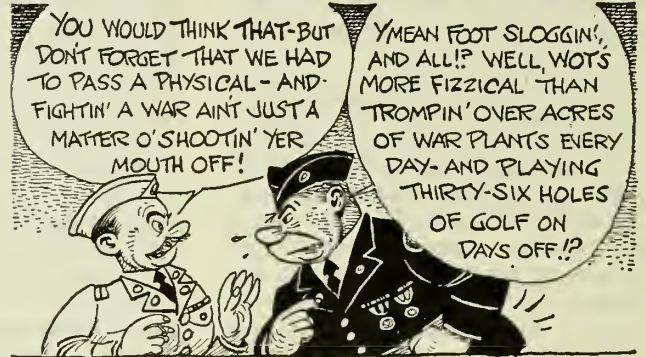
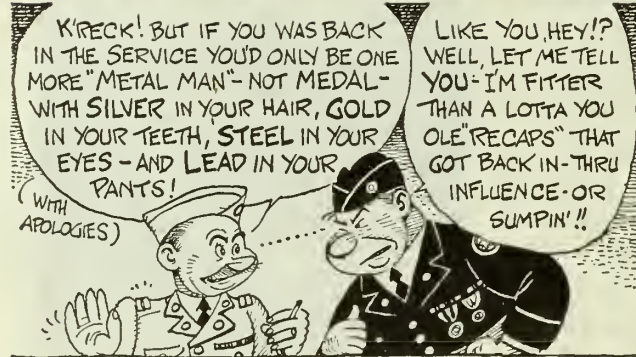
RAZOROLL sharpener for all standard makes of double-edge razor blades gives more shaves-per-blade! Helps preserve keen shaving edge longer. RAZOROLL really sharpens blades because it strots on leather—uses same principle of barber's razor stropper. Gives keen, smooth shaving edges quickly. You hold blade at correct angle and with proper pressure. Then simply turn crank to sharpen both edges of blade at same time. No gears. Well made. Handsome—compact—sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift for service men.

Only \$1.00

SEND NO MONEY! Write today. Pay postman only \$1 plus few cents postage. Use RAZOROLL for 5 days and if you're not delighted with smooth, velvet shaves you get, return RAZOROLL and we'll return your dollar. Order today.

RAZOROLL COMPANY
620 N. Michigan Avenue Dept. 635 Chicago 11, Illinois

Ole Super-Duper Killer-Diller Wins the War Again-Even as You and I!!



WANTED: a pint of your blood

to save a fighting man's life

A doctor came home from Hawaii with a message to wake up America. "Last war," he said, "we lost 8 out of 10 men with intestinal wounds. This war every man who came from the operating rooms of the hospitals in Pearl Harbor is alive."

Why? Because they were given Blood Plasma before anesthesia. The plasma gave their hearts something to beat on. It was a major factor in saving their lives.

Why do we tell you this story? Simply this. Hearts are beating today... young, gay, courageous hearts... that may snuff out tomorrow for lack of the plasma to keep them alive.

Who can supply it? YOU can!

Any man or woman over 21 and under 60 can walk into the nearest Red Cross and donate a pint of blood, do it again five times a year. The war is speeding up, time is getting shorter. Get YOUR blood in there saving lives RIGHT NOW!



A small thing to look for, a big thing to find

This appeal for your red blood is contributed to the American Red Cross by

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

They've Got What it Takes!

All Ashore with the "Gator Corps"



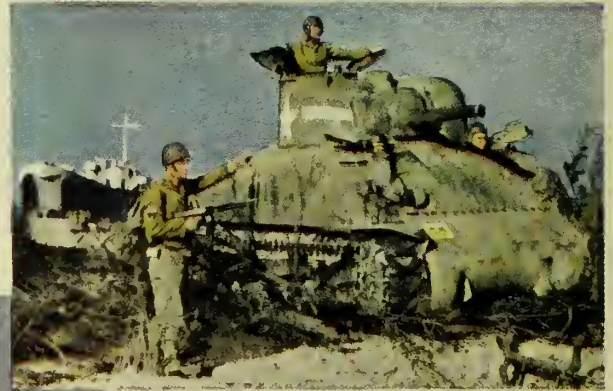
The famous "alligator" emblem of the Amphibious Training Command

● Up onto the boiling sands, a huge "LST" rams her steel prow ... tanks, trucks, artillery pour out of her mighty maw ... and Uncle Sam's specially trained "alligator teams" go into action! From start to finish, Doughboy and Bluejacket work together, in America's hard-hitting "amphibious forces"...and after that last tank splashes ashore and there's time for a cigarette, you'll find that with soldier, sailor, and coast guardsman alike, the favorite is Camel.

"LST" (shown below) stands for "Landing Ship, Tanks."



R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



ONE-WAY TRAFFIC! The Navy gets 'em ashore—and the "alligator cavalry" charges inland! When the welcome word "beach-head consolidated" is flashed, and those ever-present packs of cigarettes are brought out, soldier and sailor team up again—on Camels.

*You said it, sailor—
Camels sure are mild
and FRESH-TASTING!
They suit me to a 'T'*



The "T-Zone"—

where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you ... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!



**"CAMELS ARE
SO SMOOTH
AND EASY
ON MY
THROAT"**



FRIEDA TRAYNOR, war worker and daughter of an Army man, agrees with the men in the service: "Camels are always so smooth and mild, so fresh-flavored." Yes, Camels *stay* fresh—they're packed to go round the world!

Camels—FIRST in the Service

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)